

THE WAR CRY



WILLIAM BOOTH.
Founder

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

BRAMWELL BOOTH
General

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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner

HEROISM IN THE HOME

Salvationists Who Triumph Amid Persecution in the Family Circle



EXACTING as are the demands of public Army warfare upon the courage and perseverance of its Soldiers, the greatest difficulties are often encountered by them in the privacy of the home. To stand in the Open-Air and speak to jeering onlookers, to march behind the Band and wear uniform, taking part in the peculiar and sometimes little understood street

tactics of many Corps, is to some sensitive natures a burden, and yet there are thousands up and down the world who do these things with such abandon that they discover joy in the hardship. Not a few of them go from this task into the domestic realm of petty persecution and win there battles more strenuous and victories more glorious than the unfriendly street has witnessed.

"After I had been saved a few weeks, being then fifteen years of age," says one Soldier, "a comrade in the Corps gave me a jersey and a cap. I wore them twice and then, when donning them for the third time, was told by my father to surrender the clothing to him. Being trained to obey I gave them up without demur and had

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8)



Daily Bible Meditations

Sunday, Deuteronomy 21: 18-21: 22: 1-8. "Thou mayest not hide thyself." To know of a wrong is to be responsible to do what one can to right it. The Israelite who "kept out of sight," to escape helping a stray or fallen animal, trespassed against the Mosaic law. How much more do we followers of Jesus, sin against His greater law of love, when, through fear or indifference, we refrain from helping the wandering, fallen souls around us.

Monday, Deuteronomy 24: 10-22: 1-8. "Thou shalt not oppress an hired servant that is poor." God instructs that the needy worker be paid promptly, for "he is poor and setteth his heart upon it." So never run up bills with widows and fatherless were in those days specially to be pitied, and the Lord taught His people to look after and care for them. No one is forgotten by our Heavenly Father, and He desires that we His children be loving and thoughtful too.

Tuesday, Deuteronomy 30: 1-10: 1-10. "The Lord will . . . rejoice over thee." We all know how good parents are glad when their children live rightly, do well, and get on in life. They like to tell of their children's successes and rejoice with and over them. So the Heavenly Father longs that His children may walk uprightly and daily do His will, so that He may rejoice over them. May nothing in our lives today lessen His joy in us.

Wednesday, Deuteronomy 30: 11-29: 1-10. "I have set before you life and death . . . therefore choose life." God in Word, and by His Spirit, clearly reveals to us the way of life, and lovingly strives to persuade us to forsake the way of death. But He never compels us to alter our course. To be saved we must each make the deliberate choice.

Thursday, Deuteronomy 21: 18-26: 1-10. "Write ye this song . . . and teach it the children of Israel." A wise man has said, "If I am permitted to make the ballads (songs) of a nation, I care not for his politics." Moses influenced his nation for all time by writing and teaching both its laws and its songs. The songs recorded in the next chapter, and in Psalm XC, are beautiful examples of his poetic work.

Friday, Deuteronomy 32: 1-12: 1-12. "The Lord alone did lead him." "Oh happy they who fear to take One single step alone. But led by Him, will dare to tread The Pathless depths unknown." No man has ever had cause to regret

Saturday, Deuteronomy 32: 1-12: 1-12. "The Lord alone did lead him." "Oh happy they who fear to take One single step alone. But led by Him, will dare to tread The Pathless depths unknown." No man has ever had cause to regret

A CENTENARY CALL CAMPAIGN HINT
If you want to win the unsaved you must show them that they have something better than they possess.

a wholehearted choice of Christ as their daily Guide and Leader. Life is lived at its best, only as we follow closely in His footsteps.

Sunday, Deuteronomy 32: 1-12: 1-12. "Get thee up . . . and behold the land of Canaan." In vain Moses had longed and pleaded to enter the Land of Promise. All he was permitted to do was to gaze on its beauty, ere God took him to that Better Country, where there are no unfulfilled longings. Many, many years after, however, Moses did actually enter Canaan when he stood and talked with the Saviour on the Mount of Transfiguration.

My Own Job
I haven't got to look after the universe; I've only got to do my own small job, and to look up often at the trees and the hills and the sky and be friendly with all men.—David Grayson.

The Harvest Close at Hand

"They helped everyone his neighbour."—Isaiah 41-6.

WHAT a great mistake some of us make, especially those of us who are younger than others, in thinking that if we had another comrade's chances or opportunities or sphere of service we should be able to do so much more for the Lord. We stand on the mountain top and look afar off, viewing the distant scenes of possible victory, and never realise that at our feet, in the valley close at hand, there is so much to be done for God.

We see the gardens of our neighbours and wish we had some of their beauty in our own; we see the waving fields of our fellows and think of the glorious harvest which is coming to them, and lose sight of the abundant glories which are so near at hand.

A good many years ago, when stationed in England, we went with some children and others upon a blackberrying expedition. It was a glorious autumn day, and we were in a field surrounded by hedges in which there were many brambles bearing the luscious fruit.

How and Where to Begin

We noticed the younger members of our company were anxious to get to the topmost branches, and, standing on tiptoe, they reached up with their hooked sticks, tearing their clothes and scratching their hands and faces as they pressed into the hedges to get the coveted fruit. Looking down at the branches which dropped on the grass at our feet, we found many of them laden with perfectly ripe berries growing so low that one had to get to his knees to pick them properly. Struggling after that which was out of reach and which, when obtained was not so ripe as it looked on the hedges, we had been trampling upon fruit and ready for those who would stoop and pick it.

Frances Ridley Havergal tells us how she missed fruit near at hand. When she was at home in the country during school vacation, she used to have some of the

valley girls at the rectory to teach them singing. She was very eager to help them, and after the singing class was over to walk with them down the carriage drive, to the gate, chatting with them, seeking to bring a little sunshine into their lives, but never getting to personal spiritual talk.

The Lost Opportunity

Years afterwards, she was asked to visit a young lady, and, as a girl, discovered she was one who, as Miss Havergal sat at the bedside, the woman said to her: "I often wished in those days that you would speak to me about my soul, and I often lingered at the gate after the others had gone, hoping you would do so, but you never did. Some time afterwards someone else led me to the Saviour, but I ought to have been yours."

Miss Havergal said that often in the days which followed, when she felt inclined to neglect an opportunity or when any duty seemed to her to be the plaintive words of the dying woman, "I ought to have been yours." The fruit was gathered by other hands, but she missed the privilege of being the fruit-gatherer.

In the times of which the Prophet Isaiah spoke they turned to, as we say, and helped those that were close at hand; they picked the nearby fruit. They did not wait until the greater opportunities came, but they just saw those around them who were discouraged and despondent, and they said to them, "Come, get your good crop."

The young Corps Cadet who deals faithfully with his little company Sunday after Sunday in the same old Hall which she has known ever since she was on the "Crash," still very sweetly is gathering fruit as his sister, whom she so much envies because she is out on the Big Field doing what she thinks are much bigger things. Don't neglect the fruit which is close, for that which is out of reach.

"OUR DAILY BREAD"

By ENSIGN EVA LEADBETTER

Those much-mumbled words in the Lord's Prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," are usually given a very limited interpretation. When we speak of bread our ideas do not travel much farther than the flour, yeast and other ingredients used to go to form the baker's ingredients.

In some parts of the world the same prayer might be more correctly rendered, "Give us this day our daily rice," "our daily chestnuts," "our daily millet," according to the particular country and the material which happens to form the staple article of food.

And it is at once a curious and intensely interesting study to compare the various materials which serve the different nations of the world as the basis of their bread. In our highly favored country, where good bread, made from wheat flour, is always within reach, rarely a thought is given to the fact, which is nevertheless true, that the bread of the inhabitants of but a small portion of the earth's surface subsist on such food.

A strange mixture goes to make the "bread" of the Laplander, who, of course, is nearer the Arctic Circles. Oats, which are much used in northern latitudes, are blended with the inner bark of the pine. The two are mixed, then, and ground into very fine flour, and then made into large, flat cakes, and cooked in a pan over the fire.

In Dreary Kamchatka

There is a dreary place called Kamchatka, in North-east Asia, where the people rely for their bread-food almost entirely upon pine or birch-bark. This is put through a process of maceration (to macerate is to soften and separate the parts of a substance by steeping it in fluid) and is then pounded all to pieces. The isolated land of Kamchatka is a peninsula 850 miles long, and from 80 to 280 miles wide, and is under Russian control. It has an area of nearly 500,000 square miles, but there is a population of only 5,000. The country is mountainous and has several volcanoes, one of

which, Mount Kluchevskaia, is 16,512 feet high.

The Iceland scapes the "Iceland Moss" off the rocks and grinds it into fine flour, which serves both for bread and puddings. In some parts of Siberia, China, and other Eastern countries a fairly palatable bread is made from buckwheat. Again, in some parts of Italy, chestnuts are cooked, ground into meal, and used for making bread. Durra, a variety of millet, is much used in the countries of India, Egypt, Arabia and Asia Minor, for making bread.

Ninety Millions Living on Rice

Rice is well known to be the staple food of the Japanese, Chinese, and a large portion of the inhabitants of India. But it will be a surprise to most people to learn that in one district of Bengal alone no fewer than 255 different varieties of rice are grown. Ninety millions of Indians practically live on rice. During the month of September the early rice harvest is gathered, but the great rice harvest comes later, usually in November.

A specimen of the "hunger bread" from Armenia is made of clover seed, flax or linseed meal, mixed with edible grass. In the Molucca Islands, the starchy pulp of the sago palm furnishes the basis of the remarkable thing about it, that, although the rice is picked out, dried, and ground into flour, this is then mixed with milk, if that is obtainable, and if not, water is substituted. The dough is formed into little round loaves and baked in hot ashes or over the sun.

A "TE DEUM"

Wake to your work, the sun is on,
Praise God for work.
Noontide is near, the board is spread,
Thanks be to God Who gives: bread,
Praise God for bread.
Sinks to his sleep the pilgrim-soul,
Homeward to rest—the day is done,
Praise God for rest.

Christ and Sickness

THERE is a lot of untrained life being uttered in these days, and some very excellent people are partly responsible for that same, and therefore also responsible for a totally unnecessary despondency which settles upon others who are endeavouring equally with them to follow in the mind of the Master.

The man who happens to be strong and well, and who tells a brave invalid saint to "have more faith," thus raising hopes that may be disappointed, is as objectionable as the terrible fellow who cheerfully assumes in every case that God "sends" affliction.

God can heal without the use of Medicine, we know that, and sometimes for His glory He does it; but just as normally as He provides for the sustaining of our bodily health by the taking of food, so He who has created the drugs and created the plants and the minerals of the earth out of which they are made, and created them in relationship to these bodily organisms of ours that He also

A Centenary Call Campaign Benediction

"Arise therefore, and be doing, and the Lord be with thee."
(1 Chron. 22: 16)

has made, has willed that through such means as these health should be restored when it is lost.

We are not saying, far from it, that the fervent, effectual prayer cannot still avail much—we know it can from our own experience—but our firm belief is that Jesus Christ heals through normal channels, but not by the plain, English, medical science, and not by any pretended magic or in the course of some public exhibition which must, in our present judgment, be greatly distasteful to Him.

Of course, there are illustrations even to-day of divine healing for special purposes, but not for the plain, English, ordinary, everyday, attaching them to it. In well, we won't describe it, except to say it is a mistake and misleading to maintain it is the will of God that men and women never should be sick, and that, as long as they have faith they must never be healed.

Some of the great saints of old have been sick men and women. So has the finest work in His Kingdom been done done by invalids. We know, of course, that many a sick bed is richer in His glory.—J.

Our Prayers—and the Other Man

We have often wondered how God manages to sort out all our petitions that ascend to Him, and how He can possibly answer them, but necessities—must always our prayers be.

This wonderment has been renewed afresh because of a little story I just read. It concerns two boys, one is five and the other seven. One day after they had gone to bed, the older heard shouting at the top of his voice and on their mother according to discover the reason of the shouting was found kneeling on the floor, praying as hard as possible, and trying to drown the other's voice.

When it was possible to stop the boy, the girl answered, "I am asking for one day to come to me, I can't help my dollie out, and I am asking Him to make it snow, so he can throw snowballs at the girls!"

Certainly an amusing story, but would it not be well for us occasionally to think of the other man before we venture on some of our petitions.

"For the Term of His Natural Life"

A SHORT sketch of the life of Ernest C. Williams, No. 5169, who is serving life in the New Jersey State Prison at Trenton, N.J., written by permission of the Principal Keeper, Mr. T. J. Murphy, for The Salvation Army.

I was born on the 22nd day of March in 1889. My mother and father were always very kind and loving, but exceedingly proud. My father worked in a factory and had ninety men under him. While living in the country and having to travel about three miles to school I often played hooky, thus I learned to deceive my good, kind parents, and, of course, it wasn't long before I was including others in the catalogue. From playing hooky and wrestling I drifted into other sins and to tell the truth I have committed nearly every crime there is on the calendar.

I shot my sweetheart

Finally, after sinking into sin so deep that I did not care for my mother, father, children, nor my home, or any one or anything, I shot my sweetheart in a quarrel over money and was sentenced to prison for "natural life." Since coming to prison I have given my heart to Christ, and am striving to live as near Him as I possibly can under the circumstances.

Shortly after my conversion I started a Bible class, and now, after ten years of labor, I have over 700 members, with about 350 in attendance. In addition to the Bible class I have built up the Brighter-Day League of The Salvation Army from somewhere around fifteen to over 1,000. I have also enrolled 136 men and women in the Life's Club.

I know not when I may go out into the outside world to live, but this I do know: God can, and does save a man who was so deep in sin that he was a disgrace to himself and everyone who came into contact with him. My one desire now is to live close to God, and thus show others that there is reality in the love of Jesus Christ, who came to take away the sins of the whole world.—New York "Cry."

Veteran Officer on old Battle Ground

Commissioner Whatmore, home from Australia, thrills London audience

SALVATIONISTS the world over have a habit of becoming intensely interested in the goings and comings and sayings and doings of our various International Leaders, even though they may be but names to them, and their knowledge limited to what they hear from others and see in our papers.

But there are many in our ranks in Canada West who have happily lived recollections of Commissioner Whatmore, who has recently returned to the Old Land from a seven years' sojourn in Australia; part of the time in East Australia with Headquarters in Sydney, and latterly in Australia South, with Headquarters in Melbourne. The fact that the Commissioner is shortly to pay a visit to Toronto as the Territorial Congress Leader gives special point to our interest.

Seven Years "Down Under"

At a crowded Meeting held in the Regent Hall quite recently the Chief of the Staff, and the International Staff, accorded the Commissioner a special Home Welcome, and listened enthusiastically to his own, and Commissioner Mapp's record of seven years of Salvation triumph in the "Down Under" lands.

A significant proportion of the enthusiastic gathering which packed this West End Salvation rendezvous was composed of talkative veterans who had served under The Army Flag with the Commissioner in the early days of Blood-and-Fire conflict in the Metropolis. They did not need the Chief's assurance that they were met to honor a London lad. They knew him by a thousand tokens of tender remembrance which sprang to vivid

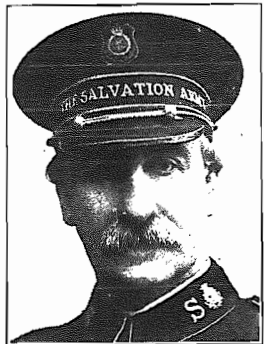
life in their memories at the sight of his familiar face and form on the platform.

Commissioner Jeffries, who succeeded Commissioner Whatmore as Principal of the International Training Garrison introduced a happy touch of humor when he referred to Commissioner Whatmore's Soldier days at Whitechapel. "Although I was then unsaved," said the Commissioner, "I claim some credit for having made Hugh Whatmore a good Soldier. Good Soldiers endure hardness—and I helped to make things hard for him."

Return of Commissioner Mapp

Commissioner Mapp, whose first appearance it was on a public platform since his return from his recent tour to Australia, referred to the half-century of Army service which lay behind Commissioner Whatmore, and pointed out the fact that the Commissioner has had a hand in advancing The Salvation Army to its present position. The respect, the popularity, the affection which the Commissioner enjoyed were the outcome of what he was and what he had done. The recent campaign in Australia, said Commissioner Mapp, had given him an opportunity of seeing at first hand the monuments raised through the devotion, self-denial and ability of Commissioner Whatmore. Throughout Australia there were living monuments of soul-saving. Soldiers and Officers as the outcome of the inspiration of Commissioner Whatmore's life.

Commissioner Whatmore, in his address referred to the many and considerable differences which he observed in London after an absence of seven years—his astonishing growth, the enormous increase in the volume of traffic and



Commissioner Hugh Whatmore, Territorial Commander, Australia South

noise. "But there are other changes also," said the Commissioner. "I have been a personal sorrow to me that I have not been able to see the General since my arrival. I pray that he may soon be restored to his place. There were faces known and loved seven years ago that I miss tonight—dear old Commissioner Howard and my friend Lawley. Commissioners McAlman and Bates and several more. Yes—there are many changes."

The Commissioner turned from his survey of London's alterations to speak with new enthusiasm of Australia, and the audience received impressions of an immense country, wealthy in natural resources filled with sunshine and health; a country where an utter absence of aloofness characterised men's dealings with each other, but where the sparsity of the population presented extraordinary obstacles to furthering The Army War.

The Handful of Corn

The Commissioner instanced a small Australian Corps with but a handful of Soldiers. On remarking to the Officer in charge that progress was slight she replied—"Ah yes, but you should know Officers on the Field who have gone out from this Corps."

Interspersed throughout the Commissioner's address were striking incidents of what has been accomplished by the Social, Prison, and other branches of Army activity in Australia, and it was while the attention of the crowd was focussed on such a story that he swung them skilfully to the consideration of their own condition, appealing that all present might make sure of enjoying the right relationship to God by availing themselves of the "Blood that makes the vessel clean."

John Harper's Last Convert

THE Christians of the entire world were shocked to hear of the seemingly tragic death of Rev. John Harper, who was coming to America to preach at the Moody Church, Chicago. John Harper went down with the Titanic.

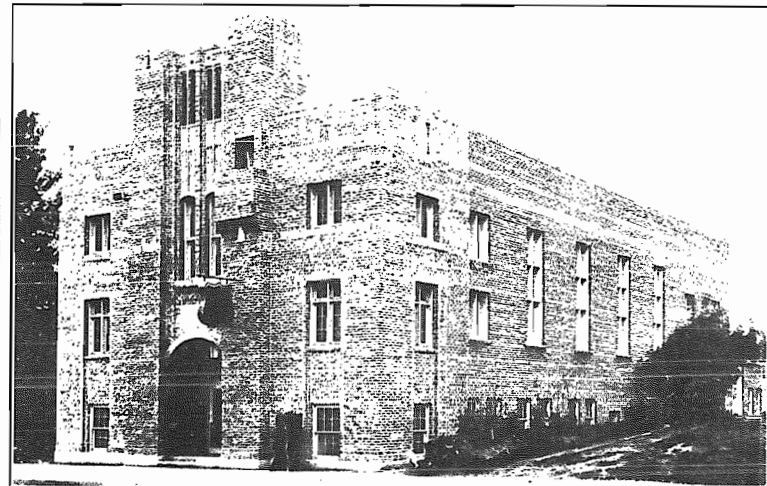
But since then we have learned that rather than being tragic, it was a death that was triumphant, and here is another testimony to that fact.

Three or four years after the Titanic foundered a young Scot-man rose in a meeting in Hamilton, Canada, and said: "I was on the Titanic when she sank. Drifting alone on a spar in the icy water on that awful night, a wave brought John Harper of Glasgow, near me. He was, was holding on to a piece of the wreck.

"Man, are you saved?" he shouted. "No, I am not," I replied. He answered, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' The waves bore him away; but, strange to say, a little later he was washed back alongside of me. 'Are you saved now?' he called. 'No,' I replied. 'I cannot honestly say that I am.' Once more he repeated the verse, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Then, losing his hold, he sank. And there, alone in the night, and with two miles of water under me, I believed. I am John Harper's last convert."

Monuments of Salvation and Mercy in Canada West

No. 5—The Edmonton 1 Citadel



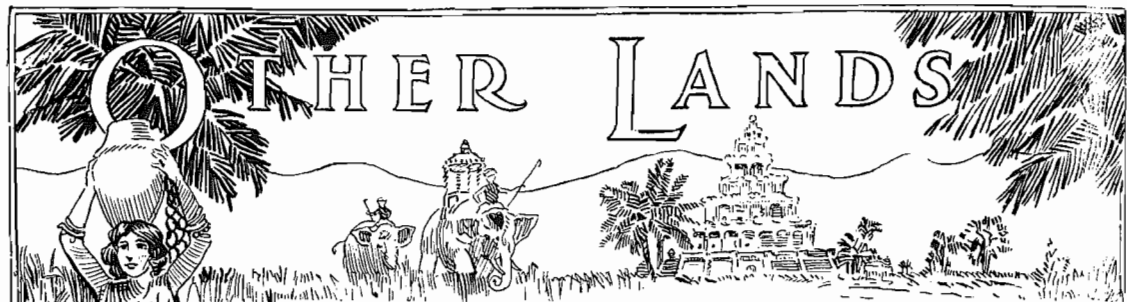
The Edmonton 1 Citadel is a centre of all-alive Salvation activity, and as such takes its place as a social asset to the Capital of the Province of Alberta, no less than as an architectural monument to a city which during recent years has become known as a place of fine structures.

It stands in a prominent position on 102nd Street, in close proximity to Jasper Avenue, the main thoroughfare of the city, and also overlooks the valley of the North Saskatchewan River, thus adding to the prominent landmarks in that locality.

The foundation stone was laid on November 14th,

1925, and the spacious building was opened for Army Service on January 23rd, 1926 by His Honour Lieutenant-Governor Egbert and dedicated to the Glory of God by Commissioner Rich.

There is a Public Auditorium with accommodation for four hundred persons; a Young People's Hall of good proportions, and also some splendid space for other Corps activities. A great improvement indeed on the premises which the Corps had occupied since the opening days of 1893, but which premises, it must be said, still occupy a large place in the affectionate memories of many throughout the Dominion who there found the Salvation of God for the first time.



The Great Front Door of China

By ENSIGN CLINTON EACOTT

ARRIVING with ten other Officers at the "Front Door" of Peking in December of 1920, I helped them sing a verse all our own which ended thus:

*"Constrained By Love, The Need We Saw,
So Enter China's Open Door."*

How glad we were our welcome was so hearty and to know such a door was open to us of service to Jesus!

As progress with the language was made, the door opened to us more and more. How happy the days have been, as moving from place to place we have not only inquired the number of doors, i.e. the population, but actually passed through so many into the homes of the people.

The Door of Poverty

It was a poorly hung door of shrunken wood, unpainted and battered; the upper half covered with dirty broken paper. It squeaked and creaked its protest as it was pulled open by a ragged child whose teeth chattered when the cold wind struck his thin emaciated frame. In the darkness beyond was another child, crouching against an elderly man, who lay in a heap on a comfortless brick bed with his poor frayed out remnant of straw matting. Going nearer we found the poor fellow's feet badly frozen with several toes almost falling off. Our inquiry elicited the fact that he was really only half the age he looked, long sickness and poverty had left such marks. To enter such a door with a pan of hot millet porridge and later with warm padded garments, ointment and bandages for the poor feet, and coal balls for the battered old oil-lamp that served as a stove, was a real joy. Such doors are legion and easy to enter, perhaps; but what use to go empty handed? The sweetest words and loftiest thoughts can have little comfort—"If a brother or sister be naked and destitute of daily food and . . . you say, 'Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit?"

The Ancient "Moon-Gate"

Through an ancient "moon-gate," one of those beautifully symmetrical round gates found in old compounds, we passed. On we went to the high, intricately carved and brightly painted doors of an aristocrat's house. The mistress, an elderly lady, greeted us with a solemn curtsy, and then a beaming smile and insisted that we precede her into the landowner's furnished guest-room. Here, after fragrant light colored tea is served us in most delightfully delicate china cups, we have opportunity to speak without restraint of our Lord Jesus. The old lady repeats each sentence after us with thoughtful

intentness. Surely we see one of whom He would say, "Behold I stand at the door and knock." May this door yield to Him! Though, alas, the adversary here is a strong one; for we see a beautiful, but harm working opium smoking set lies close at hand.

"We Stoop to Enter"

"Please enter," is the call in a voice evidently at the breaking stage, and we stoop to enter a small clean room where three students are preparing their lessons. Room is quickly made for us on a well kept board bed, with its neat covers and evenly hung mosquito net. Two of these youths attended our Service last Sunday and they are reading the New Testament carefully. There are one or two converted among the crowd we hear at play outside and as we join these we hope that frequent contact with these young men of a purely Government school may result in their yielding to our Saviour.

"Lady comes!" call out the children as my wife walks a dusty street, and one, a regular attendant at our Sunday school, takes her hand fearlessly into his little grimy paw and coaxes, "Do come and see my mother." What a door these delightful black-eyed children can be, and how gladly one follows such a one through the dark archway of a heavy outer door, across the rough courtyard, through the house door then into the inner room where the mother and the other women are. They are a little shy at first, but respond timidly yet courteously, and after further visits look for one's coming. Superstition and ignorance are adversaries which so often shut off these women.

The Massive Outer-Gate

"Ch'ing"—in a loud and prolonged voice, as the porter throws open the central four leaved doors within the massive outer gate of an old "Yamen." He trots on silently to yet further doors and we pass through a succession of them till at last we are met by the local official. With him we chat of our aims and work. He may be of the old school—in Chinese gown and cap and wearing heavy spectacles—or he may be of the younger and more forward type. In these cases, how often is there some knowledge of the "Wat." We teach and sometimes actual interest; indeed we have known the sweetest of prayer and Bible reading and real fellowship in even this inner-citadel of Chinese life.

Urging our donkeys up the steep incline we dismount at the entrance to a beautiful old temple. Standing for a moment under a wonderful old "pai bu" (an archway, peculiarly Chinese in architecture) of white stone cleverly engraved

An Australian Aboriginal Corps

WE are here afforded a clear idea of work being carried on at a Bush Corps among the mountains of Victoria, Australia, where an energetic soul saving work is in progress amongst a scattered community. The Officers who are out visiting their widely scattered "patriarchers" having left their last place of call, pass on for a few miles until they come to the remnant of an aboriginal settlement, which, eighteen months ago was disbanded, the natives being transferred to a big aboriginal encampment at Lake Tyers. Of these folk living on the river bank the Officers have heard, and forthwith went to visit them.

They were not entire strangers to The Army, for two years ago an Officer, then stationed at Healesville, visited the station periodically and conducted Meetings with the natives. One of them, a woman of eighty years, suggested to the Officers the presence of Sunday school again. The following Sunday night it was announced that the Captain would go down to the river among the people settled there, and hold a Meeting.

The Converts from the two points were to inform them and the Captain to attend the congregation. Next day, Sunday afternoon, whilst the last-mentioned to the children at the Young People's Corps, the Captain can be seen standing beneath a gum tree on the banks of the Yarra, surrounded by about twenty adults and a crowd of children.

The sound of singing fills the air, accompanied by music from the Captain's flutina. Three boys playing on cumbles, and harmonising well with the other music and singing, form an unusual orchestra. A number of these people have been attracted to the senior Meetings at The Army Hall, and about half a dozen are present, and several of the women have been converted, and two enrolled as Soldiers.

Some weeks ago a special Meeting took place in the open country, where the Divisional Young People's Secretary dedicated one of the children to God.

Plague Visitation

North India has suffered a plague visitation, and Commandant Ram Lal, in command of the Khanewar Corps (Batala Division), lost two of his men in one day. In his village there were several deaths, including several Salvationists.

and ornamented, we look down the level valleys at the feet of which a mountain stream is flowing from a sacred valley. Turning we meet through the marvelous old arch and in through the doors, all open. Crossing the wide yard we meet a priest, who bows low. Greetings exchanged, he bestows brightening countenance that we are the "Jesus teaching." Almost excitedly he leaves us. Soon he returns with his hands up a Gospel he has for many years. What a door in the many strange gods to tell us of the Most High God!

Doors! Oh how varied! From theocrat's wonderful entrances to the patched sack in the poorest of the world. Adversaries! They are legion and formidable than the hideous looking "ghosts" or the dogs which one confronts entering a home in China—the sinners, ignorance, the studied aversion and terminated opposition—and yet the doors still open. That great Front Door!

"The Uniform Molests Me"

The following incident will serve to show how The Army Soldier and his Uniform are respected among the people in Brazil. Quite recently one of our Local Officers agreed to act as witness at the wedding of one of his workmates. The Local Officer decided to go to the wedding in his Salvation Army uniform because, as he said, it would safeguard him from falling, and it would afford him an opportunity of speaking to the guests.

During the wedding banquet one of the ladies present withdrew from the table and went elsewhere to drink something intoxicating, and explained the reason for her action to another of the guests in the following words: "I have come here to drink because in the dining-room the Salvationist's uniform molests me, and I am quite ashamed to drink in his presence!" On that occasion, too, in deference to The Army uniform, no dancing was indulged in until after our comrade had gone.

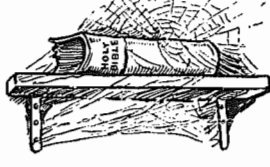
The Policeman Was Converted

In a review of the history of Sydney I, the first Corps in New South Wales, the Australian East "War Cry" states that in the early days The Army was not popular with the police, and to be told to "move on" in the midst of an Open-Air Meeting was a common occurrence. On one of these occasions the policeman's order to "move on" was ignored by the Officer. It was well that this order was unheeded, for when the invitation was given to kneel at the drum-head the policeman himself knelt there. In later years, until his death, he was Treasurer of the Auburn Corps, where his widow, Sister Mrs. Bainbridge, is still a Soldier.

Commissioner Johan Ogrim (retired) celebrated his 73th birthday a short time ago in Stockholm, where he was the recipient of numerous congratulatory messages from civic leaders as well as from other parts of Europe, and especially Germany, where the Commissioner and his wife endeavored themselves to the hearts of the German nation.

The proprietor of a grocer's shop at Sao Paulo, Brazil, had an accident, one arm being badly bruised. He then went in search of The Army Officers, and confessed to having flung a raw potato into the Open-Air ring. He felt that this accident was God's punishment for his wrong action, and sincerely apologised.

At the Omaha Divisional Headquarters, Central Territory, U.S.A., recently, a money order for \$39.00 was received from an individual who had won the amount in a "crooked poker game." He stated in a letter that he sought to make amends by sending it to The Army.



The Owner of this Book
has probably forgotten
the command of Jesus,
"Go ye into all the world
and preach the Gospel."
The Centenary Call
Campaign is also the
Call of God.

On the Moose Jaw Trail in South Saskatchewan

Labor Day weekend certainly turned out to be a strenuous, and yet most gratifying one, for the Moose Jaw Bandmen. Saturday afternoon the party of thirty people in six cars, left Moose Jaw for the whirlwind trip through Southern Saskatchewan which resulted in one of the most successful trips the Band has ever made.



BANDMASTER ROBERT

The party reached Moosebank early in the afternoon to find an expectant audience waiting for the musicians. The main stop for the day was Assiniboia where, Captain Martin being on furlough, Lieutenant Brundage filled in well, assisted by Brothers O'Brien and Kamsler. Saturday was a big affair, as per usual, and the Band was soon in good trim for the evening's fighting—an Open-Air, and a big Festival in the Presbyterian Church. The solo items especially were enjoyed.

After a well-earned rest Sunday morning found the Band at the hospital dispensing cheer and blessing to the sufferers there. Then followed a rousing Open-Air Meeting, after which we left Assiniboia for Derwood, where we also had lunch. Then on to Oquema, where, to our intense surprise and great pleasure, we found a crowd of eight to ten hundred people ready to greet us. The splendid reception accorded us resulted in our giving these good folks a lot more music than we had allowed time for, and consequently we were nearly an hour late reaching Weyburn, our last call for the day. Several minor accidents, one of which nearly brought our motor car to a halt, served to make us late, but on arrival at Weyburn there was no thought of supper or bed. We all hurried to the Theatre where the Band excelled itself in a Festival of high calibre. To say the crowd was delighted would be putting it mildly. The house was packed to the doors and each item was applauded to the echo. A word of thanks is due here to Captain and Mrs. Sutherland, the Corps Officers.

Monday morning we were at the Mental Hospital and after an hour's music, were taken over the Institution. What a sight! It certainly touched our hearts very deeply.

Our next stop was Yellowgrass, and then came Milestone, and our last appointment, Rouleau. The Town Hall, where our Festival was to have taken place, was not too well-filled, so we went out to the country and there we surely turned out to be the wisest course.

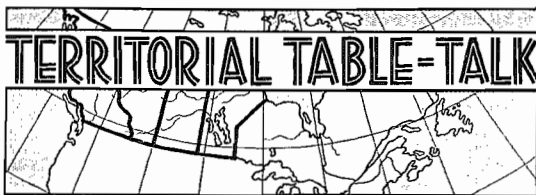
We then started on the homeward trail, but the breaking down of one of the cars, and other minor accidents, delayed our home-arrival until three o'clock in the morning. However, fun and work go well together, and we had a good time.

Among the items played were "My Fortress," "American Melodies," Paul and Silas, "Good old Way," and "Mother's Prayer" selections, and marches from the "800" Journal up to "Golden Stair." We should all like to thank Captain Steele for his untiring efforts to make this trip a success, and also the Corps Officers who arranged things so well for us, not forgetting our own Officers, Ensign and Mrs. Ede, who were with us all the time.—"Rex"

Harvest Gains at Nelson

(Captain Margaret Stratton and Lieut. Jones). Recent visitors to our Corps have been Ensign Schwartz from Winnipeg and Sister Carter from Trail. We have welcomed into our midst C.C. Annie Flowers from Fernie, but have said farewell to Brother Prince, who left a few weeks ago for the harvest fields. We have since been cheered, however, by hearing the song of one of our Soldiers, who accompanied this comrade, has been converted. Hallelujah!

Great blessing has attended our jail meetings, held every Sunday. Many have taken their stand there, and we rejoice when we hear them testify to what God is doing for them.—B.F.



Winnipeg, September 20th

Everything up at the Training Garrison is looking lovely. Brigadier and Mrs. Carter and Adjutant Davies have returned from their wanderings; Staff-Captain Mundy is all of an "irish" to get to work; and the new Cadets are hurrying across the prairie as fast as the railways can bring them. There are great times ahead for the Old Town.

Another important announcement, friends, Grace Hospital Graduation, 1928 Class, is fixed for October 29th, and is planned to take place in Young Church. We understand that the present Course has been exceedingly successful. The Medical Superintendent and the Teaching Staff of the Hospital are looking forward to a highly interesting event.

Speaking of Grace Hospital—we are reminded that Major Hansell and her journeying companion, Miss Alice Young, have arrived safely in the Old Land; we understand that the voyage was accomplished "without incident" as they used to say in the War. The Major must be getting to be a good sailor.

With further reference to Grace Hospital—we are not too late to remind our Winnipeg comrades of the fact that "Babies Day Soon" is now being changed to an actual idea—"Babies Day To-day." Major Oake declares that he is "fed up with babies," but we know he doesn't actually mean it, for he is one of the best old Dads that we know.

Adjutant and Mrs. Putt have been rusticiating at Ingolf, and there has been a consequent miss in the life of the Editorial Department. However, we are sure that the Adjutant has been gathering ideas and stories that will delight our readers in the days to come.

Brigadier Carter asks us to say, for the especial benefit of "The Victors," that Room 47 of the Garrison is now dedicated to the ever blessed memory of "The Overcomers," and Room 15 to the glorious recollections of "The Conquerors." That's a pretty broad hint, anyhow.

Calgary Citadel

Adj. White and Capt. Houghton Welcomed

A very special day at this Corps, was the welcome Sunday of our new Officers, Adjutant White and Captain Houghton. Everyone was in fine form, and God gave us a beautiful sunny day. Judging by the sunshine reflected on the faces of those around, we expected that the new Officers would receive a real "Army" welcome—and they did! "Rousing" is the only word that will apply, and all did their very best to make the Officers feel at home as soon as possible. As a result, the Captain said in the Salvation Meeting that she already felt quite at home, because of the fine Army spirit prevailing.

In true Calgary from early from the Soldiers turned out, from early morning kneedril, when we had "Hot Rolls" from the Father's table to the close of the Prayer-Meeting at night, when we all rejoiced together over one soul, there were few faces missing. The forceful slogan, "We're in this war to fight, fight, fight!" was demonstrated by every Soldier, both at Open-Air and inside Meetings.—Scribe.

We hear that Captain Poole, recently of Vancouver, is also a patient at Grace Hospital, Winnipeg, undergoing surgical treatment of some urgency. Here's good wishes for her, most certainly.

According to "The Crusader", Ensign and Mrs. Patterson have taken up their first independent command in China, and are now "on their own" at Ta Tung Fu, China. We comrades will remember them in their prayers.

Mrs. Adjutant Donald Johnstone, of Melfort, has been a resident at Grace Hospital for the past three weeks, following on surgical attention of some importance; we are glad to report, however, that she is on the high road to thorough recovery.

Mrs. Captain Cornack, of the Logan Avenue Hostel Staff, has also had to resume her residence at "Grace," but she too, is now much better, and we hope may have no recurrence of the difficulty which has caused this second operation.

Ensign James Harrington, another of our Hospital "Wards", is doing well following on his last operation. His has been a long case, but we will still keep believing.

We much miss Ensign Petersen's happy presence around Territorial Headquarters, but our loss is Brigadier Gosling's gain. However, we have been ever so glad to welcome Captain Vileta Cummings and Captain Isabel McBride into the charmed circle.

Edward Otway, age 13, son of Staff-Captain and Mrs. H. Otway (formerly of Canada West), of Detroit, Mich., recently conducted a heroic rescue when a young woman, while swimming on the lake, sank and was in danger of drowning. The young man was forced to break a strange hold and swim some distance before being picked up by rescuers.

A well known Continental musician who was supervising the work of an English orchestra at rehearsal became annoyed with the conductor for his erratic use of the baton. Finally he stopped the rehearsal and said: "Mistaire Jones, you ze make a beautiful conductor—for ze omnibus! You vas always behind!"

Wesston

Commndt. Carroll and Some Farewells

(Captain Little and Lieutenant Venn.) We were vividly reminded of the goodness of God when we saw the splendid display of harvest fruits in our hall last Sunday, when Commandant Carroll led our Harvest Festival Meetings. In the evening we said farewell to Candidates Povey and Kell, who are leaving us for the Garrison. We feel this is a proof of the progress of our Corps. God's presence was felt in the Prayer-Meeting, and during the singing of the closing song, the mother of one of the Candidates surrendered to God, to be followed by another seeker.—V. Boorman.

The Promise of the Shower

Humboldt (Captain Walker and Lieut. Nelda Hicks). We recently had a visit from the Northern Saskatchewan Catholics, and they were a means of blessing to us. On the Saturday night a large crowd gathered around the Chariot to hear the old, yet ever-new, story. The Spirit of God was manifested in the Sunday night Meeting when we rejoiced over the return of a backslider.—C.C.

On Tour in South Alberta

The Citadel Band goes a-motoring

The Citadel Band, under the baton of Bandmaster Hardy, recently enjoyed a most successful trip to the towns north of the city, the most distant being High River, one hundred miles away. A happy crew of Bandmen left by truck on Saturday night, reaching High River, after a few adventures, at 3 o'clock Sunday morning. Nothing daunted, after a few hours sleep, a journey was made to the town of Cayley, where Bandmaster Hardy, and Bandmaster Davey, of Macleod, who helped us during the trip, joined us.



BANDMASTER HARDY

A rousing Meeting was held in the crowded United Church. The Band selections, and Captain King's helpful address stirred many hearts. The members of the Church kindly looked after the wants of the Bandmen at lunch.

After lunch we were soon off, and a few miles soon brought us to Nanton, where a musical program was rendered, the interspersed testimonies being particularly helpful. Here our hearts were much blessed because one dear soul surrendered to God. Hallelujah!

Early in the evening we were back at High River, where, after a substantial supper, prepared by the Corps Officers, Captain McKay and Lieutenant Walker, an Open-Air Meeting was held on the main street, following which came the Meeting in the Theatre, where the message was faithfully delivered. After this the Band gave a program in the C.P.R. Park, where a huge crowd listened to the music.

This concluded a heavy day indeed, and all the Bandmen were ready for the good billets which had been procured by the indefatigable Officers.

Monday morning found the Bandmen playing to the patients in the High River Hospital. The Matron conveyed the appreciation of the patients to the Bandmaster.

After travelling thirty miles or more in the afternoon we reached Stevely where an Open-Air Meeting was the order of the day, after which the Ladies Aid of the United Church kindly entertained us to supper at the home of the minister, Rev. Mr. Hallett. After the meal the Bandmen launched into a sing-song, with Treasurer Stan Robinson at the piano. Army songs were sung lustily, to the enjoyment of our hostesses. Even our worthy drummer joined in the fray—in song!

Soon our cars were heading for the last engagement at Claresholm, a town in the centre of a large farming and wheat district. Here we started with an Open-Air Meeting, after which a Festival was held in the L.O.O.F. Hall. Good music was provided by the Band, and Captain King delivered a real Salvation address. Our efforts and prayers were rewarded by seeing five souls seeking the Saviour. This is the kind of Band-trip in which we revel and no one minded the weariness and hard work of the two days when such results crowned our efforts.

After the Meeting the Bandmen were entertained at the Territorial Hotel, this attention being due to the thoughtfulness of the only Army family in the district.

We eventually arrived home, dusty, tired and sleepy at 3 o'clock Tuesday morning, but rejoicing in a successful weekend. We were glad to have Bandmen Home church and Sid and Bert Mundy with us for the Sunday.—L.T.

A Gift From Afar

"Der Kriegerstuf" ("The War Cry"), published in Germany, recently made acknowledgement of a donation of fifty dollars received at the Territorial Headquarters, Berlin, from a little Corps in remote Alaska. The fact that the donor expressed the wish that his gift should help The Army's work in the Fatherland accounted for an offering from so far.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in

Founders: William Booth
General: Bromwell Rooth

Canada West and Alaska
International Headquarters
London, England

Territorial Commander,
Lieut.-Colonel Chas. Rich,

317-319 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to The Editor, Lt.-Colonel Joy.

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OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(By Authority of the General)

APPOINTMENTS—

Adjutant Helena White and Captain Francis

Houghton, from Brandon to Calgary.

Adjutant and Mrs. Roy McCaughy from

St. Paul Work to Brandon.

Captain Gail Hawkins from Regina II to

Vermilion.

(Signed) CHAS. T. RICH,

Territorial Commander.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY

We are glad to be able to report that our honored Chief Secretary still maintains the rate of improvement which we were able to report last week. He is by no means free from pain, and naturally suffers very much discomfort, which is not to be wondered at considering the serious operations through which he has passed.

He is, however, still conscious of a very real submission to Divine Will, and also greatly supported by the praiseworthy sympathy of all Officers and Soldiers throughout the Territory, indeed The Army at large.

LT.-COLONEL BRAMWELL TAYLOR CONGRATULATIONS!

IN connection with the transfer of our present Field Secretary, Brigadier Bramwell Taylor, to the Principalship of the San Francisco Training Garrison, the Commissioner announces that the General has been pleased to further signify his confidence in our esteemed comrade by promoting him to the rank of Lt.-Colonel. We feel sure that this added honour to an honourable Army name will be worthily borne; it places, so to speak, a seal upon the Colonel's energetic and successful service in this Territory, and, indeed, upon the whole of his career.

We congratulate our friend and comrade, and also include in these felicitations Mrs. Taylor, and, seeing he has a share in the family advancements and pilgrimages, we also congratulate Scout Wilfred Taylor.

THE SHAME OF CANADA

Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, the famous physician missionary of Labrador, speaking at the United Nations Convention, said: "I saw more intoxication and more of the ill results of intoxication during the short time I was in Winnipeg, Montreal, and Toronto than I have seen in the United States in six months. In Dallas, Tex., I met something like ten thousand superintendents of public schools, and the large majority of them were in favor of prohibition. I have seen tens of thousands of American children, especially in the West, who have never seen liquor used as a beverage and a young generation is growing up that will not want it. The coming from a man of wide knowledge and experience such as Dr. Grenfell undoubtedly possesses, is something for the thoughtful Canadian to turn over in his mind.

Jesus taught that one should not save, but give all—his very life if needs be. He preached what He recently said, and died upon a cross not owning a dollar to His name.

TERRITORIAL STAFF CHANGES

LT.-COLONEL G. WALTER PEACOCK APPOINTED FIELD SECRETARY

THE Commissioner has received information from International Headquarters that the General has appointed Lieut.-Colonel Walter Peacock, to the Field Secretaryship of the Canada West Territory and here and now we give him a right hearty salute and welcome.

Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Peacock are no strangers to Canada West, for it will be remembered that until the year 1920 the days of their Salvation Army service had been spent in the Dominion, and that at the formation of the Western Territory the Colonel assumed important office amongst us. For the past eight years they have filled front rank positions in our American Forces, first in Chicago for nearly six years, and latterly in the Southern U.S.A. Territory where the Colonel has ably discharged duties similar to those which he will take up amongst us.



It is expected that our comrades will arrive in Winnipeg towards the end of October, and arrangements are already on foot to give them a public Territorial welcome.

Staff-Captain Benj. Bourne is appointed to the oversight of Subscribers and Financial Organization affairs within the entire Province of Saskatchewan, and will have his centre of operations at Regina.

Adjutant William Cooper removes from Regina, and takes up Subscribers Department duties in North Saskatchewan, and will reside in Saskatoon.

Adjutant Richard Shaw undertakes Subscribers Department duties in the Province of Alberta, with quarters at Calgary.

Other contingent appointments will be announced by the Commissioner within a few days.

A DISAPPOINTING EVENT AT VICTORIA HOW THEY SAID GOOD-BYE TO COLONEL AND MRS. BARR

"Too late! Too late!"
"Will be the cry."

IT was to have been the best "send-off" yet, and there have been many; for was not the Colonel one of our own. What plans we made, and how we anticipated seeing him once more after so many years. Adjutant Merrett's wide announcements and announcements so that no one interested could be in doubt as to time and place even if they did not read the "War Cry". The old timers of thirty years ago wondered if the Colonel would know now, and whether he had changed much. Old stories were retold of the time when he was the Divisional Grace-Before-Meat Agent, and visited the Corps armed with a magic lantern in winter, and a gramophone in summer, his mission to open the little boxes that held contributions for the Social Work. Later, he was the Victoria Social Officer, when a Food and Shelter Depot known as "The Ark" was established in the Market Building, Cormorant Street.

A woodyard at the rear of the "Shelter" helped the unemployment situation of that time. Colonel Barr's first child, Nettie, was born in Victoria while he filled this appointment.

Could we feel other than eager to see him? The day came at last, September 6th, and the "Empress of Canada," with Colonel and Mrs. Barr on board, steamed in to the outer docks. They were accompanied by Ensign Goodwin, who saw to their comfort during the trip from Vancouver. The officers and Social Officers were on hand to welcome them. The telephones were kept busy and 7.30 p.m. being the most convenient hour for the Band and comrades to congregate, the tea hour in several homes was broken into with hurried preparations for the "send-off" some of the superlatives on offer.

But, sad to relate, 7.30 found the huge liner putting a fast widening strip of

water between her and the dock, and only the early birds, including part of the Band, were in time to see the Missionary Territorial Commanders embark for their long journey to Korea. When the whistle blew many were stuck on their way in motor and street cars, some hurrying along the dock, a sister running with an armful of flowers, and others with parcels of all sizes for Ensign Irwin, who will, we know, accept the will for the deed. As the good ship carried away two more devoted Officers with already a long service record, the words of the tune the Band was playing fastened themselves on our minds:

"Precious souls are dying, nerve me for the fight,

Help me spread the glorious news, liberty and light."

We know that in the strength of Him Who has called them to leave all and follow Him, they will indeed help to spread the Gospel light in that dark land. May God bless them as we write.

And one cannot tell such a tale as the above without entering very keenly into the feelings of the disappointed comrades, and also remembering that it behoves us to be on time in the things of salvation and eternity, so that when He comes we may be ready.—A.E.T.

"BROTHER"

He stood outside The Army Open-Air ring, drunk and forsaken. The Captain, in his personal invitation to him to come to the meeting in the Hall, called him "Brother."

"This was a new and strange thing to me," said he. "I was usually thought of a 'drunken pest,' a 'nuisance,' but this man calls me 'Brother.' I'll go with him. He did so, and that night God set the poor drunk free from his slavery to drink. It was calling him 'Brother' that broke him up.

MRS. COMMISSIONER RICH Conducts Special Women's Meeting in Winnipeg

AS is usual on these occasions the Sherbrooke St. Hall presented a familiar and home-like appearance to the women-comrades of the territory gathered there on September 28th for an hour or so of spiritual refreshment and inspiration for the work which lies ahead of the Home Leagues and League of Mercy combined in Winnipeg.

Mrs. Lt.-Commissioner Rich, the principal speaker, and Mrs. Miller, Territorial Home Leagues Secretary, was glad to be able to introduce her to an audience of interested audience. Mrs. Miller spoke, especially referring to the well-wishing Officers, whose immediate departure will make quite a hole in the ranks of Home Leagues. Mrs. L. Colman Taylor, Mrs. L. Colman Taylor, Mrs. L. Colman Taylor, and Mrs. Staff-Captain Steele, Mrs. L. Colman Taylor, Mrs. L. Colman Taylor, and Mrs. L. Colman Taylor.

This break will be most keenly felt where Mrs. Steele is concerned, for as the Divisional Home Leagues Secretary, she has been typically active. All the Officers mentioned spoke, telling of the gladness and pleasure with which they had given their services. Home Leagues Secretary Mrs. Symes, of Home St., also said a few words.

Mrs. Rich's helpful address on "Prayer," given with her usual thoughtful delivery, brought much light and blessing to her hearers, who were further blessed by the singing of Mrs. Staff-Captain Mundy. Mrs. Major Tyndall presided at the piano.

ILLNESS OF A FAMOUS VETERAN

Adjutant John Gore, who was the first Salvationist and member of The Army in Australia, and who has sixty-two years of service, is recovering from a stroke (says a report recently received from Australia).

The Adjutant was converted as a boy in the Christian Mission. Leaving his work as a London milkman and migrating to Australia he met in Adelaide a Yorkshire-born woman, who was also a member of the Mission, and the two informally commenced operations and won converts to the charge of whom Officers were appointed in 1881.

Although weak (continues the report), the Adjutant's spirit is as bright as ever. We wonder if the Chief Secretary recently he asked for the chorale "We sing in the morning the songs of Salvation," to be sung, and while unable to join with the words, he beat time to the singing and insisted on the chorus being repeated many times.

THE CADET REACHED THE GARRISON

In view of the fact that our own Cadets are now making their final laps towards the Garrison, we are interested in the following story.

Gutierrez was a miner up in the country, some distance from a Chilean town. He had written to the Training Session at Santiago, Chile, was shortly due to commence, and Gutierrez the miner was also a Candidate for Officership. The day on which he had been instructed to enter the Garrison drew near, and still the River Maipo, which flowed between his hillside home and the nearest railway station flowed in flood.

Believing that unless he arrived at the opening day he must wait until the next Session, the Candidate wired his letters to say he could not come. The waters assuaged a little, but he took courage in both hands, and the day containing his best uniform on his back, the eager South American Salvationist struck out into the raging torrent and roared where the ford used to be.

The swarthy, mud-bespattered man who arrived at the Garrison, a person, carrying his uniform in a bundle, on the afternoon of the first day of study was none the less welcomed, because he was late. His courage and resourcefulness are still serving Lieutenant Gutierrez well on the Field in the American (West) Territory.

THE COMMISSIONER'S ENGAGEMENTS

A SABBATH OF CONTRASTS

Sunday Morning at Stoney Mountain, and Sunday Evening at Home Street Corps.

MORNING—STONEY MOUNTAIN

COULD ever Penal Establishment be situated at a place with a more forbidding name, the sound of which seems to send cold shivers down one's back, and to conjure up gruesome sights and sounds? And yet, if one stays to consider for a few moments there is proceeding at that same place a work of grace and mercy which is far from being associated with it in the minds of the casual man or woman.

That those who help in this Endeavour always have a warm welcome in the hearts of the unfortunate compulsory residents was amply evidenced when the Commissioner and his party appeared in the Chapel of the Penitentiary on Sunday morning last. Keen to take advantage of any opportunity to visit

would understand that he spoke to his listeners from no lofty heights, but from the equal plane of God's ability to save and heal, and blot out our transgressions. As one listened there came involuntarily the thought that even earthly chains and bonds give way before the mighty power of Him Who can break every fetter. We firmly believe that the message found a lodging place in the hearts, and that we shall hear its echoes in days to come.

As usual, the Warden of the Penitentiary, Mr. Meighan, welcomed the Army visitors with ready courtesy, and was present at the Meeting.

EVENING—HOME STREET CORPS

THE calls upon the Commissioner's public services from points outside the Territorial Centre and those associated with larger events in our calendar leave him little opportunity for undertaking appointments at suburban Corps, so that it was with particular pleasure that Officers and Soldiers of Winnipeg VIII (Home Street Corps) welcomed him and Mrs. Rich into their midst on Sunday evening last.

It was a change from the Stoney Mountain scenes of the morning. "Winnipeg VIII" is set amidst domestic surroundings of the happiest character, the streets are full of the playing of children and of kindly neighbours, there is an air of family life and sweet liberty about the near-by homes; the Corps gives one that sense of welcome which is so characteristically Army.

A chance indeed, but no alteration, he said, in the insistency of the message, and in the fact that ours is a story and song.

*"Suited to every sinner's case,
He hears the joyful sound."*

Mrs. Rich was with the Commissioner and on a prominent and helpful part in the Meeting, speaking on the possible as compared with the impossible, especially in relation to those things which are of our inner and spiritual nature.

Lt.-Colonel Sims added his quota of helpfulness, as did also Mrs. Brigadier Taylor; her words of prayer and song fitted in with the general theme of the evening and increased the sense of blessing which the Meeting brought to those who were present.

Candidate Farewells

During the evening Candidate Edna Johnson farewelled for the Training Garrison. She has come up from Junior days in the midst of the Corps, and her happy activities will be missed. Sgt.-Major Burkett added his word of testimony to these things.

It certainly seemed that the Commissioner was affected by the contrast between his morning and evening hearers, for he took the opportunity of enlarging upon and resetting the splendid theme with which he had wooed his Penitentiary congregation. How wonderfully does the Gospel fit in with the varying circumstances of life.

The Christ of Yesterday, with all His gracious pity and merciful love, and inviting tenderness was held up as the Saviour for the circumstances of our present day. A great Sabbath evening influence was manifest when the Commissioner was speaking, and one could not but help realise that here again was just the right message—God given and God directed. God directed indeed to those who answered and heeded its entreaty.

And here, too, let us say that the interest of the Meeting was evidently deepened by the prayerful expectation which had been in the minds of the Corps Soldiers ever since they had heard of the Commissioner's coming, and by the attention given to the announcements and the arrangements by the Commanding Officers, Captain and Mrs. Arthur Smith.

FAREWELL DEMONSTRATIONS

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Clarke leave Winnipeg amidst the affectionate salvos of their comrades.

IT seems to us, more every day, that there is a special charm about the intimacies of The Army; but they never stand out in such happy prominence as on such occasions as Farewells, Weddings, and the like; nor do they ever touch our hearts as when we are passing through some sorrow days, or when we have recollections of the same.

We have just had one of these family touchings, for Officers and Soldiers sang in the Farewell Gatherings of Staff-Captain and Mrs. Clarke, who as these lines appear in print will be en route for their new appointment, but whose recent days have been full of the turmoil and trial of snoring-up and removal.

We cannot hope to say much about the miss there will be in the Winnipeg Citadel comradeship, but that will be very real, for both the Staff-Captain and Mrs. Clarke have been consistent beyond words in such soldiery as has been possible to them. The Staff-Captain's services with the Citadel Band are well remembered in the illustration which we give elsewhere, and Mrs. Clarke's associations with Home League, Sonettes, Young People, etc., will long be remembered. All these things were brought into high relief in the happy gathering which took place in the Crypt of the Citadel prior to the public Meeting upstairs. We speak of Monday, September 17th.

Not Within Our Province

Commissioner Rich was in the chair, and it had been arranged that the Staff Officers of Territorial Headquarters and the City should also be in this item. Speeches were the order of the hour—intimate and spiritual all of them—but it is not within our province to detail them here; one does not publish one's family doings on the house-top.

In the public Meeting, when a goodly crowd gathered, and when we saw many around who owe much to the Salvation cheer and kindness of our departing friends, things were more for publication, although, we think, we lost none of that blessed intimacy upon which we remarked at the outset.

The Commissioner brought to his presidency of this Meeting just that readiness of speech and epigram which

radeship, and with feeling reference to "old Toronto days" touched a tender chord; the Field Secretary, Lt.-Colonel Bramwell Taylor, added his spice of humour and appreciation; while Mrs. Commissioner Rich came forward with sisterly expressions, directed equally to the Staff-Captain and Mrs. Clarke, which were delightfully attune with the rest of the proceedings.

The musical items of the evening were, of course, supplied by the Citadel Band, and it seemed the strangest thing not to see the Staff-Captain at the back supporting his faithful bombardment. Percy Merritt's "Sword and Shield" march, newly well received, was rendered as the final tribute by the Band; we would like much to have told of our memories when we heard once more:

*"We're not afraid to die
While the standard of the Cross
Is waving over us."*

The Singing Party, beloved of Mrs. Clarke's heart, and she beloved by them, sang ever so sweetly of "Stepping Heavenward", and we were led to have it announced that Mrs. Major Tyndall is taking on this good work—the leadership of this happy young party.

And then, we heard Mrs. Clarke give her own testimony, just as one would expect; genial to a degree, but full of those feelings which spring unbidden at such times. Reminiscent of girlhood days, and of later days when God called her to His Service; telling us, too, of days when His grace had been such a help to her in the thorough expected response to the call of The Army in this sudden change. We all sat and entered into her feelings, and did so the more readily in that it is so much a part of our lives—to pick up and go to the ends of the earth if The Army says so.

A P.E.L. Bluffness

There was not much time reserved for Staff-Captain Clarke's last words, but he stood up to his task with that Prince Edward Island bluffness which has carried him along through the years, and which will stand him in good stead wherever he goes. What a tale of ancestry he told us, and don't some of us wish that we had such claims to fame; we only come of the common and unheard-of folk.

Well, it's a jolly fine Army, and we're ever so glad to be in it, and whether it's this side or the other of the "Line" about which the politicians speak, we know there is no Line for Salvationists, and so it's not actually "Good-bye" to the Clarks, but just "another appointment in the same old concern." Glory be to God!

The benediction, when the Staff-Captain and his good wife and his three darling children stood under the Flag and were blessed in the Name of the Lord by Mrs. Colonel Miller, brought us around once more to Him who has made all this familyship possible; "Lord," she prayed, "Thou hast brought us all together because we have all touched them of Thy garment." That's true! But for The Army where should we all have been, but for our Blessed Lord where indeed might we not have been!

AN APPRECIATION

IT will seem a funny sort of a Canada for some of us not to have Staff-Captain and Mrs. Russell Clarke around; during recent years they have become very much part and parcel of our Territorial economy, and we must confess to a reluctant good-bye, except that we really do wish them "God be with thee!"

Everybody knows that Clarke is a real Ulster name, but Staff-Captain Russell of that ilk traces his descent back to a certain Wm. Michael Clarke who, first of all landing in New York about 1780 A.D., came afterwards to Prince Edward Island, and then he—even more proudly—includes in his family tree a

(Continued on page 8)



Warden Meighan of Stoney Mountain Penitentiary.

this part of his wide-spread constituency, it is evident to all that such keenness is not by reason of the aforesaid hearty welcome, so much as his feeling that the gospel of "Try Again" is a very definite message from our Lord and Master.

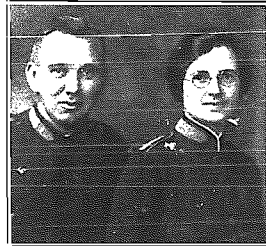
Right from the start there was a heartiness in the proceedings. The choir led the singing of the ordinary hymns with that spontaneity which previous visits have led us to expect, and the vim with which the whole congregation took up The Army items, and, forgetful of Sabbath observances, applauded and endorsed nearly all that was done, was ample indication that "It's the same old Army."

With the Commissioner were a Quartette of the Winnipeg Citadel Band, who rendered some instrumental items, truly reminiscent of better and brighter days, but no less suggestive of still happier probabilities in the days to come. Staff-Captain Weeks added his word of testimony, and the singing and Brigadier Cummings also assisted.

Regular Visitors and "Hearers"

It will be no surprise to hear, however, but the most intimate welcome of all was reserved for Staff-Captain and Mrs. Jundy who have been regular visitors at the Institution for over nine years, and, alas, during that same period have not those whose stay has dragged out from a date long anterior to their first visit. Needless to say, the announcement that the Staff-Captain had attained new rank and was assuming fresh responsibilities was an item in the lives of those "regular hearers."

The Commissioner's message was calculated to bring hope and cheer into the experiences of those who gave him tentative hearing; he spoke of Him Who is so powerful to-day that He can obliterate the very effects of yesterday, and make the to-morrows of our lives a veritable joy and glory. Those who know our Leader in such utterances



Staff-Captain and Mrs. Russell Clarke.

was needed to emphasise the comradeship of the evening. As he spoke one could not but help realise that there is spreading over the world—Army and otherwise—a splendid covering of Canadian Salvationism, so that by now it is difficult for any one of us to move abroad without finding somebody who stands to salute when we sing "O Canada" and whose hearts also thrill at the singing of the song with which we opened the Meeting: "All round the world The Army chariot rolls."

Lt.-Colonel Sims, in his prayer; Major Tyndall in his choicely terse speech; Sgt.-Major Williams in his jocularly old-time manner; Bandmaster Henry Merritt in his quiet, but emphatic style—they all gave voice to their own thoughts and ours.

Mrs. Staff-Captain Steele, much moved at the thought of a break in a long com-

Stories of Army Trophies

By Arthur E. Copping

The fact that Arthur Copping has lately been a visitor in our midst gives added interest to the fact that we have just received from International Headquarters a copy of his latest book: "Stories of Army Trophies". Mr. Copping was formerly a London journalist and a writer of note, but during recent years has turned himself wholly to Army service and journalism; those of us who have lately come to know him have enjoyed his genial companionship no less than his words of heart-felt testimony.

His latest book, as the preface says, is "as thrilling as any novel." The eight stories which are contained in the volume deal with the lives of the lowly of London, but while the environment of those whose tales are told may have been drab and colorless, there is an abundance of incidents of great human interest. "Nobby Clark" for instance was a police constable who, while on duty, was shot and killed by the "Angel of Mons" as could be imagined. Nevertheless the following extraordinary incident occurs in the ripping good story of "Nobby Clark: A Temporary Orphan."

"On the outbreak of war in 1914, P.C. 201, was recalled to the colors in time for Mons and the Marne. At the abortive attempt to take La Bassée, he was killed. His comrades could not doubt that he was the most vivid, spiritual experience of Nobby's life, that while every square yard of the surrounding ground seemed smitten and seared by the figure of beautiful mystery stood by the prostate platoon with outstretched protecting arm."

"After that Nobby could devote himself to personal calls and the known Salvationist had many opportunities of service with a mind undisturbed by any sense of danger. True, he was often under fire, but following his escape at La Bassée he received a conviction of assured safety throughout the campaign. This was an assumed Nobby who, when occupying a post of danger in the Ypres salient, had his right hand smashed by an expanding bullet. Nor did his surprise occur, until on comparing notes with his haggard wife in an English hospital he found that, on the very day, and apparently at the exact hour, when he was hit in Belgium, she, under the strain of many anxious months without news, had sunk to her knees and prayed, 'O God, if it can be done in any other way, let him be wounded and sent back to me!'"

The opening and longest story is entitled, "Pinky's Past." He was a London slum dweller, and his past was nothing to write home about, because according to the author, he "Had been a drinking blackguard—a sloppy, thieving waster." Concerning his thieving exploits, the following is told:

"Sometimes an element of mockery entered into the misdeeds of Pinky and his pals. Having cleared out a hen roost, they left this inscription on the door:

"You are rich and we are poor:
So we've left you one old hen to rear us
some more."

"Pinky once had the audacity in a crowd to ask the time of a couple, who, on feeling in his pocket, exclaimed in consternation, 'Hello, someone has stolen my watch!'" Pinky had.

"The young all-round rascal sometimes broke into houses. This led to one of the most startling and memorable experiences of his life. 'Today, many years afterwards, on recalling the event, he unconsciously shuddered to think of it. Ah, if only I had heeded! Time has not dimmed the memory. What he saw then he still can vividly see in his mind's eye. He fell asleep almost trembles when he speaks of the matter. It was this: Having broken into a house he found upon the bed a woman who, on information received, he expected to find empty. Flashing on his dark lantern, he found that the bed was occupied."

"Followed side by side were a little boy and a little girl—picture of sweet, pink innocence. The boy was about five years of age. They were sleeping peacefully on, never stirring. They were both wearing a bed-gown which he had never seen before, but within the range of his adoration. To him they were a pair of God's angels. He explained that he tried to move, but could not. Only after a severe struggle did he succeed in turning his feet from the doorway to the door. He left his toes behind him. He left the lantern behind him."

"Pinky has not dared to break into a house since then. But he has been wicked enough in other ways, as you will see."

But Pinky is now and has been for many years a sterling Salvationist and is the Corps drummer, and so far as means will allow, "a useful, financial supporter of the Corps."

This book is a great aid to faith in the redemptive power of the worst of men, and is well worth adding to one's book shelves.

Orders can be placed with the Publishing Department, 317 Carlton Street, Winnipeg, Man. Price \$1.00 postage 10c extra.

Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people. If Christ is preparing a place for you there, then He will be preparing you here for the place.—James Stalker.

STAFF-CAPTAIN and MRS. CLARKE

(AN APPRECIATION)

(Continued from page 7)

later Wm. Michael who alternated between Charlottetown and New York, and in 1880, or thereabouts, came to God under Commissioner Bailton's storming party, and brought back to P.E.I. that sterling Salvationism which has now run through to the fourth generation.

Coming of such a stock it was in 1906 our hero, as the story books say, entered the Training Garrison in Toronto. During his career he has filled varied appointments: Special Service Corps, Institutional, etc., but to them all he has brought a breezy and robust personality which will be missed by those of us who remain in Canada.

For several years he has been closely associated with Financial Organization, and in that capacity has become known in the business world of Canada West and among men of affairs whose word is of note in political and commercial circles, interesting them in no small degree in the intimacies of Salvation Army purport.

Mrs. Staff-Captain Clarke was before her marriage Captain Mary Neff. She also has a picturesque ancestry, and one which will stand her in good stead just now. She comes, as her patronymic suggests, of Dutch stock, and proudly relates how her forbears came over from

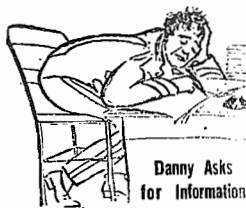
Pennsylvania about five generations ago, and settled in Old Ontario. Nothing to complain about in that, is there?

She entered the Toronto Garrison from Swatara, Ont., in 1908, and is remembered with affection at the many Corps she commanded before her union with the Staff-Captain; especially is she spoken of in connection with her Garrison appointments. We could enlarge considerably on Mrs. Clarke's many capabilities, but we like best to put on record her unflinching courage and smiling faith amidst many domestic sorrows; her bright and helpful testimony—private and public—and the evidence of her genuine Salvationism.

We wish for our comrades and their much loved family great joy and success in their new sphere. They can be sure of a hearty welcome amongst their new associates, and they can be equally sure of the prayerful remembrances of their old-time friends.

As we have previously announced, Staff-Captain Clarke takes up Special Efforts and Financial Organization duties in the important and wide-flung International Division of the Western (U.S.-A.) Territory, with headquarters at Denver City, and under the leadership of a good comrade, Lt.-Colonel John Hay.

The Deliberations of Daniel Domore



Suite A1 Stuyvesant Hotel, Winnipeg

Dear Mr. Editor:-

Dear, dear me! Things are going so bad to worse! It never rains but it pours! It is high time that we should have a few farewells in order to stir up the old. I am almost ashamed to say that my letter this week, so discredited by the state of affairs. This getting to the bottom, of which our fathers used to boast, is getting beyond me entirely.

(What are you grumbling about? If you don't you up and tell the man, and not keep him in suspense.) Of course you know that is my amiable spouse exclaiming. Well, to tell you the truth, Mr. Editor, I am fair ashamed to tell you what is on my shoulders to say. That is rather a mixed metaphor—as our Officer says—but you'll know what I mean.

These drops are terrible! I hear that Lacombe, where they ought to know better, has dropped ten copies; if that's the way Captain Lind is going to serve you after the boasting he's had, well, well! Then I hear rumours, dreadful rumours, of a terrific drop around Winnipeg, and right on the eve of the Congress! What we want is more of the boomer spirit. I wish they'd make me something more than an Envy, so that I could give some authority to my words—I'd show 'em! More about this Winnipeg drop next week, I'm only just working up to it—as it were, or is, or was. You know what I mean.

But, bless you comrade, there's just one drop of honey in the rock, and that comes from Red Deer, where, during Captain John Rude and Lieutenant Hattrick are stationed; they've actually picked up the ten copies that Lacombe has dropped. So perhaps it was rather silly of me to rave off as I did. Still, Mrs. Hind ought not to let him do a thing like that.

Slave City.

Dear Mr. Domore:-

You remember when you were here, I turned out from the back shelves of my store fourteen volumes of *How's Matthew's Commentary*, and you said you would like to have them, only Mrs. Domore said she wanted to see them first in your club bag. Well, this is just a reminder to say that you can have them if you like: I will send them along C.O.D. at the price you privately fixed. You will remember each book is interleaved, so that you can make your own notes. I am glad you find them useful if ever you stick up public work again. You can't take your own notes between them, and then nobody would know—except, perhaps, the bandmen who sit below you. Shall I send them along?

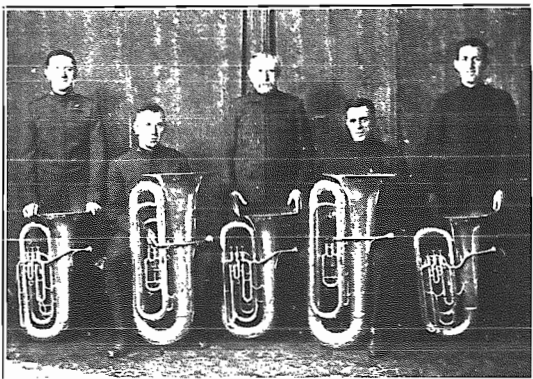
Yours truly,

Samuel McMurdo.

What do you say, Mr. Editor, do you think they would be of any use to me in my "War Cry" selling? I'd do anything if I thought it would help, even the extent of carrying around a fourteen quarto (I think they are) But, perhaps you think Comment don't help much with selling "Crys". Do they?

Yours seeking for information,

Daniel Domore—E.M.



THE "BASS" SECTION—WINNIPEG CITADEL BAND
Reading left to right: Bandman P. McBride, Staff-Capt. Clarke, Bandman J. Fowler, Bandman J. Chapman, Bandman J. R. Webster.

HEROISM IN THE HOME

(Continued from page 1)

to stand and watch my father while, with many curses, he rammed the uniform into the fire, where it was completely destroyed.

My loss of garments is a trivial matter compared with the attitude which such an act indicates. It is not merely the destruction of so much scarlet wool and blue cloth. From henceforth, say the flames as they feed greedily on their prey, there is a gulf fixed between your mind and your duty, and constant warfare will result. Recognizing the magnitude and bitterness of their task many cheerfully face it because of a fixed conviction that it is the will of God for them to do so.

Sometimes the wife becomes her husband's greatest enemy. There is one Salvationist whose life partner, for years past, has destroyed every scrap of uniform that she can lay hands on, employing every conceivable artifice to annoy her husband. When strangers hear the story they can scarcely believe it, for he is one of the happiest Salvationists for miles around, and when he testifies, he tells of the drunkenness from which he has been saved. How few realize the perpetual and enormous demand upon his forbearance and his faith in God!

In a neighbouring Corps there is a Corps Cadet who occasionally appears without her Army hat. The Soldiers know the reason, and pray that they may have such courage as this slight

girl possesses. Her mother is dominated by an evil temper, and which seems to be particularly inflamed by the sight of the Army red. Time and time again she has snatched her daughter's hat from her head, and torn it into shreds. Yet the girl toils early and late to provide her mother with a home, and when so robbed of the uniform which she loves more than herself, does her work in ordinary clothes until it is possible for her to replace the destroyed symbol of service.

There are those who cannot wear the uniform at home, and so they use the houses of other Salvationists as refuges, calling there to don and doff the uniform before and after duty; their parents being aware of this.

Could the inner history of many conversions be discovered, great would be the number attributed to this quiet heroism in the home circle, for sooner or later, the Salvationist doing the will of God sees the sign of victory. Every burned bonnet and ruined cap is a tribute to the power of God in making heroic souls out of the common stuff of mankind.

"I want a principle within of jealous godly fear,

A sensibility of sin, a pain to feel my fear,
Quick as the apple of an eye, O God my ear,
To see the evidence made plain."

Awake my soul when sin is nigh and keep it still awake."

The worst people are the most injured by slander, as we usually find to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

Our BANDSMEN AND SONGSTERS!

The Battle of the Drums

The Army moves so quickly that our history is made one day and forgotten the next. It is good, however, that we should remind ourselves of the troublesome and difficult paths by which we fought our way in the earlier times, and this stirring tale of our American history is one that should not be forgotten, and should be of especial interest to our Bandman readers. The first chapter is taken from a pamphlet which was published at the time of "The Battle of the Drums," by Colonel W. Jenkins, who, as the Divisional Commander, took a prominent part in those exciting scenes. The second chapter will be supplied by Colonel George Davis, another American Officer and old-time warrior.—Ed.

CHAPTER I

EIGHT o'clock of an August evening in the year of our Lord 1899. The place, a large, open corner lot in a great city, capable of holding perhaps 500 people.

There is a platform at the end of the tent, and upon it a dozen or fifteen Salvationists conducting a meeting. In the body of the tent are only three rows of benches, the remainder having recently been broken and destroyed; but the tent is crowded to suffocation, and the canvas sides being rolled up, the crowd extends outward on all sides until lost in the darkness. There are in the neighborhood of 5,000 souls, men, women, and children, here jammed together.

Scattered about in this throng are a dozen policemen—across the street, directly seen as a blur on the darkness, are about twenty more, waiting.

A Curious, Sullen, Quiet Crowd

Waiting—why? For what does the crowd so manifestly look, as it stands in a curious, sullen quiet? For it is an astonishingly orderly crowd, buzzing continually in itself, but offering no manner of disturbance to the Meeting, unless it be on the two or three occasions, when at the instance of some bystander, the whole vast concourse of throats roars out a hearty cheer, "for Major Jenkins." "for the Captain." "for the lass by the drum."

So for nearly an hour, the every moment increasing, the throng stands, while on the platform prayer, testimony and song go on in the routine of an ordinary Salvation Army Meeting. Several times, when during a chorus those who stand near the tent can hear a light tap, tap, tap, of the big drum, men and women stir eagerly, and everywhere the question arises:

"Are they coming?"

No, not this time, and again—not yet. "God bless the police!" cries Major Jenkins, leading: "we have never any ill feeling for those that do the duty expected of them. They are not to blame for the mistakes and faults of others. God bless the police!"

"Amen!" respond the Salvationists.

But the crowd is silent, except for scattered groans and hisses. So the Meeting goes on, and finally

the leader, announcing its close, calls upon all to join in the doxology.

"Well," says someone in the crowd, "I guess they are going to leave them alone tonight."

And meantime the doxology has begun, the volume of voices rolling out so that the light tap of the drum is almost inaudible. They have got to the very last line, "Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost," when there is a sudden backward press of the crowd, a shout of men's voices, the shrill cry of protesting women, a crash of breaking benches, and in ten seconds the tent is a scene of confusion and riot.

A dozen policemen, big fellows all, with clubs raised, and extended arms sweeping back the throng, spring upon the platform, and while one brushes Major Jenkins aside another grabs the lassie's drumsticks; grasps her arm and says:

"You are under arrest."

It is all a matter of seconds only; but the crowd is quick to understand. They have been seeing the same thing nightly of late, and they are evidently not a patient people. There is a rush and a roar, an irresistible forward pressure, and the next instant the platform is flooded and the police are hemmed in by a surging wall of angry faces—flushed, furious, frankly threatening.

A Voice of Terrible Appeal

"For everybody's sake," cries the Major, in a voice of almost terrible appeal, "remember where we are!"

"Ay," shouts an angry voice, "the cops remember it—don't they?"

"Never mind!" retorts the Major; "we are submitting; you see that. Do, for the Lord's sake, help us to keep peace."

But it is a highly infuriated mob; fists are shaken and answering clubs are wielded; jeers and contemptuous epithets are flung at the police. Outside in the darkness women's voices cry in excitement, and then but for the passionate pleading of the Salvationists as they mix with the throng, a collision seems inevitable.

But all this has apparently been foreseen, for presently the police lieutenant, finding the drum fast secured to the platform and recognizing the ugly attitude of the crowd, openly signals his reserves, and the next moment twenty more police-

men are clubbing their way into the tent through the press of angrily resisting men and terrified and shrieking women.

"Turn out the lights!" yells someone; "you don't buy gasoline to help the police with!"

"For God's sake, no!" shrieks another realizing the horror that might easily follow darkness amid that struggling throng.

Meantime, the police are working, even with hatchets, trying to loosen the well-secured drum, and outside, running hither and thither are men and women, residents of the immediate neighborhood, many of them bareheaded, crying passionate protests against this outrage done to The Army in the name of a really friendly and favorable people.

"Oh!" cries the condition of things is a moment by moment becoming more serious. Finally, a burly policeman, no doubt furious at the opposition so plainly shown, forces his way across the platform and strikes Mrs. Hargreaves heavily in the chest.

"Oh!" cries the lass, wincing with pain and fright, "you hurt me!"—and at that cry, with a roar, the crowd is upon the police. There is a crash of wood as drum, plank, and all is wrenched away, the sharp rap of clubs is heard, someone turns out the lights, and with a swoop and a surge, like nothing less terrible than the outrush of a mass of water through a broken dam, the struggling, fighting crowd bursts from the tent.

The Din of Shrieks and Blows

Those are a horrible twenty shrieks that follow, with their din of shrieks, blows and scuffling. Thank God for the cool-headed Lieutenant of the Corps, who, roaring, "Stand still, everyone!" buffets his way to the tent-pole, and in an incredibly short time relights the gasolier.

The arrested drummer lass has all this while stood silent and still, her eyes closed, her lips moving most of the time. She turns now to the policeman in whose charge she has been given, and trying to smile, says:

"I think you had better take me to the patrol wagon; I am afraid I am going to faint."

It is with a touch of real genuine gallantry that the man offers his arm; it is with a gentleness, a kindness that speaks all the apology he dare not utter that he conducts the stumbling, white-faced lass to the wagon. At that moment the board on which the drum is wired is at last cut away from the platform and the entire body of police charges its way out through the crowd, bringing the Corps Captain and an indignant outsider who, it is said, resented official brutality by striking the policeman who struck the lass. The prisoners and the drum are bundled into the patrol wagon and amid the hoots and groans of the crowd the vehicle drives away and the police disappear.

(To be continued)

"PURTY POOR STUFF!"

There was a certain man who was blessed, or cursed, with a very good opinion of his ability as a preacher, and was always ready to hear what people thought about his sermons.

Meeting an old parishioner one day, he asked: "Well, Mr. Snooks, how did you like my sermon yesterday?"

"Well, ye see, parson," was the reply, "I haven't a fair chance wi' them sermons of yours. I'm an old man now, and by the time I manage to get to the Church all the front seats are taken, and I have to sit at the back."

There's old Mrs. Smith, an' Mr. O'Callaghan's daughters, an' Bert Snow, an' all the rest of 'em sittin' in front o' me wid their mouths open a-swallerin' all the best parts o' your sermon, an' what gets down to me is purty poor stuff, parson, purty poor stuff." He that hath ears to hear, etc., etc.

BAND BOOK TUNES AND STORIES

"BEETHOVEN" vs. "FULDA"

A Query by Lt.-Col. Hawkes

OUR very good and much valued comrade, Lt.-Colonel Hawkes, of the International Musical Editorial Department, writes as follows, and just to show how pleased we are to know that somebody has been reading "The War Cry," as well as to admit that we do not know everything, we gladly publish his cheery note.

"I note you take us to task for not naming 'Beethoven' 'Fulda' in the new Band Book. Why the latter and not the former? As you may guess we have a good collection of tune books in this Department, and I have come across this tune not only under the name of 'Fulda' but also 'Walton', 'Germany', and 'Alsace', and an extended search would probably reveal others. In nearly every case the tune is attributed to Beethoven.

"I am aware of the circumstances associated with its publication by Gardiner, but I had never read that Beethoven had denied authorship. However, it is a fine tune, and we remain quite unrepentant—and unconvicted.—(That is the way of Editors.—Ed.) For following a good lead and naming it after one of the greatest composers of all time.

"And now, in case I wax over enthusiastic in my defence of the alleged offence, I must change the subject. Still remaining, with kind regards, etc. etc."

Our authority for the statement we made in regard to the tune in question, "Beethoven" (B.B.-11) is Dr. J. T. Lightwood, who says in his "Hymn Tunes and their Stories":

"'Fulda', or 'Walton', is said by Gardiner to be taken from Beethoven; and it has never been traced to its source, and is considered by many to be an adaptation of some old German folk-song." Dr. Lightwood also tells some other stories in regard to Gardiner's attempts to foist his own melodies on Beethoven's extant.

"WHEN YE PRAY"

THERE are some people's prayers which are a veritable benediction—they seem to be answered before they are uttered. We are always glad to have them lead us in our public devotions.

There are others—if we may say so—who do not help us greatly, although we could go far before we would say they are sincere. Are we right, we wonder, when we say that there is something in a person's very attitude in prayer which is helpful—or the reverse?

We have been surprised to see a very well-known man praying in public with his hands in his pockets. Pure habit, and it did not affect his prayer. But he would break himself of the habit. It looks bad.

And, by the way, we wonder if some men know how their whole prayer is aimed for those for whom it is being offered by the careless way in which they jerk out "Amen," and get on to the next business.

Little things like this—to some of us—ways the way in which the Lord's prayer is repeated, for example—make a world of difference in public worship.



Prisoner and drum bundled into the patrol wagon.



Wedding Bells at Edmonton

Citadel Corps (Adjutant and Mrs. Hubbard). On Sunday night scarcely had the Adjutant finished speaking when two men rose from their seats, and came to the Penitent-Form. This makes a total of five seekers since the commencement of the Centenary Call Campaign.

The Y.P. Open-Airs are increasing in size, and the blessing is increasing proportionately. May God continue to be with these young folks in their endeavors!

An interesting event has taken place here in the wedding of Sister Abbie Moffatt and Brother Bernard Green, the ceremony being conducted by Adjutant Hubbard. Quite a large crowd gathered for the event. These comrades have been in the Corps for a long time, the bride being a product of our Y.P. Corps. We earnestly pray that God's richest blessing may be upon them.—E.O.

An Octogenarian's Rally Day

Regina Citadel (Adjutant Haynes and Captain Griffiths). The Meetings last Sunday were of a beautiful character, and much inspiration came to the comrades, especially in the Holiness Meeting. In the afternoon Staff-Captain Tuttle was with us, and gave a most helpful address.

There was a good crowd at night, and the Officers, assisted by various Soldiers, led a stirring Salvation Meeting, in which the claims of God were announced in no uncertain manner. Powerful testimonies to the power of God were given by Envoy Peacock, who that day celebrated his forty-sixth spiritual birthday, and Bandmaster Henderson, who has seen forty-two years in the fight. The singing of Adjutant Haynes and Captain Stevenson, and the song by the Songster Brigade, (under the leadership of Captain Stevenson,) brought great blessing, as did Captain Griffiths' convincing address.

We had the joy of seeing four seekers, three of them backsliders, at the Penitent-Form, truly a glorious conclusion to a day's vigorous lighting.

The following Sunday Staff-Captain and Mrs. Tuttle were in charge of operations, assisted by the Southern Saskatchewan Chariot Crew: Captain O'Donnell and Lieutenants Dale and Dumerton. In the Holiness Meeting the Captain delivered a stirring address. Staff-Captain Tuttle read a telegram of congratulation to Envoy Peacock. In the afternoon the Seniors united with the Juniors in the celebration of Rally-Day, and after a fine march to the Citadel the Staff-Captain presided over an interesting programme, in which the young people did well. At night we heard some account of the Chariot doings from the Officers, the Band and Songsters helped us, and Captain Stevenson solved.—W.G.W.

Renovations and Returns

Dauphin (Captain and Mrs. Johnson). We are happy to be able to report a general move on in our little corner. Our Hall has been remodeled and re-decorated and we hope to open a new Junior Hall in the near future, as it is almost completed. Another step in the move-on, is the joy of seeing six souls kneeling at the Penitent-form, praise God. All the Soldiers are working hard for the Centenary Call Campaign and are out for victory. We are also glad to report that indications of smashing our H.F. Target are in view.

During the furloughing absence of our Officers, (whom we are now glad to have with us again) we strove to keep the chariot rolling along here, and are glad to report victory. Candidate Hesson took the lesson at the fall first Sunday they were back with us, and four men surrendered to God.—N.A.N.

Anniversary Pageantry at Portage la Prairie

A splendid representation of The Army's growth during the past forty years was given in the Citadel last Monday evening, this forming a fine concluding Meeting in connection with the Anniversary series. Mayor Burns presided over the gathering, and brought greetings from the City of Portage la Prairie. He said in his remarks, "that The Army does not work for personal gain. Its work is for the benefit of others, and no man can estimate the good accomplished during these past forty years."

Living pictures of the work as it commenced, and as it is now, were demonstrated by the Soldiers. Brother Tom Rushbrook, Band Sergeant Mosham and Hon. Bandmaster Wilson spoke of the early days in the town. Lieutenant Morrison, who came out of Portage, and who had come from Winnipeg for this special occasion, spoke of her call to Officership, and then sang a solo. Messages

from others who are Officers today, were also read, one being an account of a train journey in China by Ensign Robert Patterson.

Sheriff Home, who is the Governor of the Provincial Jail, spoke during the fall scene. During his period of office, extending over thirty-six years, he said The Army had enthusiastically catered to the spiritual needs of the prisoners, without any remuneration. He cited one case in which The Army went to considerable expense and trouble to bring together two people who, today, instead of being a disgrace to themselves and their friends, enjoy the comforts of a happy home.

Mrs. Envoy McGill brought the Meeting to a close with an appeal to the Soldiers of the Corps to be more zealous than ever in their efforts for the work of God.—C.C.

Native Comrade Promoted

Brother Job Nelson, Metlakatla, B.C. Death has again visited the little Corps of Metlakatla, and taken away our faithful Soldiers, Brother Job Nelson. Brother Nelson was drowned while in the boat in which he was journeying up the rapids, five miles from Prince Rupert. It was hoped that the body would appear, but it did not, and the funeral service was conducted in the rapids, at the place where the boat capsized.

The service was led by Ensign and Mrs. Joyce of Prince Rupert, assisted by Ensign Clifton, and about twenty comrades and relatives.

Our comrade will be greatly missed in the little Corps, where he worked hard. He was a splendid musician, and his bright example will not be forgotten. We pray that God will sustain Mrs. Nelson and their little girl, in these hours of bereavement.

Crowds at Winnipeg IV.

Logan Ave. Corps (Captain Townsend and Lieut. Morrison). Once again we are happy to report progress all along the line.

We always have a good time at our Saturday night Open-Air at the corner of Main and Logan, and last Saturday night was far from being an exception. There was a large and obviously appreciative crowd and how they did listen! We led confident the seed was sown on fertile ground.

A well dressed man, evidently well-educated, and whose father is a minister, asked for our prayers.

On Sunday morning Lieutenant Morrison spoke, and one man knelt at the Mercy-Seat. Praise God! Sunday night we had Captain Townsend, Sr., with us. In the Open-Air the children had a great time. An elderly comrade, who has been "War Cry" Sergeant for twelve years, sang with them, much to their delight. When we entered our Hall we were delighted to see the large crowd assembled, and went right into a real Salvation Meeting in which God was very near to us. The brother who found Christ in the morning gave a heartfelt testimony. After Captain Townsend's appeal three seekers came to the Penitent-Form and were born again. We are now praying for three young Swedish men who were in the Meeting, and who were carefully dealt with in their own language. B.W.

the occasion of exceptional blessing, when eight members of the Band re-committed themselves to God for fuller service. In the short program one of the special items was a selection from our five solo-women, who, together with some of the younger lads of the Corps are being trained by Bandmaster Hallaway in efficient service in the Band. God bless them!—W. Fitch.

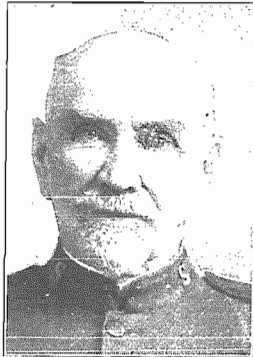
Surprises at The Heights

We had a splendid time on September 9, Major Habbirk was with us all day. His inspired and inspiring in the Holiness Meeting was very encouraging, and all were blessed. The services of his band were also appreciated.

In the evening we had surprise in the persons of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Phillips, and Envoy and Mrs. Kirk. Their words were uplifting. Major Kirk took the lesson, and one sister gave her hand for prayer. We closed the Meeting with hearts full of thanksgiving to God.—G.M.

A Stalwart of Salvationism

"For I was born in Canada
Beneath the British Flag"



Envoy T. R. Peacock

shares in his robust and ready Salvationism after a wedded life of over fifty-six years. Let all the comrades say, "Amen".

To look back to September 16th 1848 is a long stretch, and carries one in thought to some of the historic days in our Empire story, and to those troublesome times in the tale of Canada's history when little was dreamed of the great nation which was to be. Little indeed did the men and women of those times imagine of the vast industrial and commercial spaces of these Western lands, and little did Baby Tommy Peacock know of it either. But there are few in these same Western places who do not know Envoy T. R. Peacock, who, in Regina on Sunday last, celebrated his eightieth birthday, and also his forty-sixth birthday as a Salvationist. Here's wishing him Many Happy Returns of the Day, and Greetings to all his family who are proud to know him either as Dad or Granddad, but especially Greetings to his beloved wife and partner who still holds the Saviour of mankind," and the testimony of Sister Mrs. Hornett, who was converted over sixty years ago especially blessed us. Envoy Alward spoke stirring-ly on "The Valuation of a Soul," and one seeker answered the call of God. So enthused was the Envoy that he launched us into another Testimony Meeting, ar- my, we did enjoy it! And then, at nearly ten o'clock Major Habbirk, fresh from a day's specialising at Vancouver Heights, came bustling in, and spoke briefly.—S.C.M.

With the Campaigners in Vancouver

Volunteers at Grandview

Envoy Alward, with Staff-Captain Bourne, Brigadier Allen, and members of the Grace Hospital Staff, conducted a recent Sunday's Meeting here, when, from the first song in the Holiness Meeting to the close of the Prayer-Meeting a soul-saving atmosphere pervaded the gatherings. In the morning Brigadier Allen had us all making "a joyful noise unto the Lord," when he led the testimonies. Envoy Alward outlined the aims and requirements of the Grace Hospital Campaign, and Adjutant Lister gave us a soul-inspiring address on "Walking in the Light."

Two rousing Open-Air Meetings preceded the Salvation Meeting, when a splendid contingent of Grace Hospital Officers added much to the effectiveness of the Meeting with their cheery testimonies. Envoy Alward again spoke about the Campaign, and later nearly fifty volunteers offered their services to help collect for the effort, and thus help the wonderful work that is taking place at this Institution of Service.

Mrs. Staff-Captain Bourne solved, "Be-

Consecrations at New Westminster

Recently Major Habbirk, Staff-Captain Bourne and Envoy Alward led us on in a rousing series of Meetings, in the final of which we had Lt.-Colonel (Mrs.) Payne with us, accompanied by a number of Grace Hospital Officers.

The recent Home League Annual picnic was also the occasion of the farewell from our midst of Captain Victor Eby, who, since leaving here has become Mrs. Captain Cartmill. We pray God's blessing upon her.

A recent Band Tea, and Festival was

SIN has fastened more fetters upon the white man than SLAVERY ever put upon their poor bodies.—Comm. Evangeline C. Booth

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

MANY things had happened in Sardin since Captain Ann Bristow and her wife had come to take charge of The Salvation Army Corps here. A girl named Helen Ormond had come to them in great trouble, and helped her through her trouble, and when her father had turned her from her home they had taken her in and she was again reconciled to her parents. Will Coulter, a drunkard and backslider, had through their efforts been reclaimed. Other O'Donnells, a big soldier, had come to them in trying to locate his son, Danny O'Donnell. There had been drawn in this way, and so they had been converted, and became a Soldier in the Corps. There had been a long and bitter strike in Sardin that ended with the death of a man and his hand of Salvationists. During the strike Mr. Murray, a very wealthy man, had come to the aid of the Army. He had been in the Corps, and stay in Sardin had slipped away, and they were in the Winter of the second year. It drew near to Christmas time. Christmas Eve an attempt was made to steal one of The Army kettles. They had had an inkling of a warning that the attempt would be made, and Officer O'Donnell had been lying near. When the man had grabbed the kettle and sprang toward a moving automobile that was to pick him up, the policeman had leaped into the street and called upon him to halt. The running man had drawn his pistol and fired at him. The man had pitched forward into the snowy street. The policeman, who was a very good shot, had fired at the man's face upward to the light he had staggered to his feet with a great and bitter cry. "Danny! It's Danny! O my God! I've killed Danny!" It was found that Danny was not killed only wounded. He was taken to a hospital where the doctor told Ensign Bristow and the father that everything would be all right, and they went home. But it was long before the Ensign could get to sleep.

CHAPTER XVII—Danny's Story

DESPITE the fact that he had been very late getting to the hospital, Ensign Bristow was awake early. It had been Christmas Day, and there were many things calling loudly for his attention. The entertainment and treat for the children was to be held that night, and there were many things to be seen to with regard to it. The Ensign had been in the hall for the occasion had been done, though the Young People's Sergeant-Major, and a corps of workers had toiled at it till late the night before.

Thus it happened that the Ensign was busy, when at 10 o'clock the phone rang. When he took up the receiver, he responded to the call a familiar voice came to him over the wire.

"Is that you, Ensign?" he heard and when he had given an affirmative response the voice continued. "This is me, O'Donnell. I called to see if you could go with me to the hospital this morning. I have just called them there and they told me that I can see Danny now. I wondered if you would be caring to go with me? They tell me that Danny is conscious this morn' an' has been asking for me."

A Warm Light Filled His Eyes

"I will go with you," he told the big man, saying nothing of the many duties clamoring to be done. "Where shall I call on you?"

When he met Officer O'Donnell a little later he saw that the night had left its traces on the face of the big policeman. There were heavy shadows under the eyes of Irish blue, and a tired droop to the mouth. The shoulders, too, had an unusual sag to them that had not been put there by weariness alone. However, a warm light filled the eyes that greeted the Ensign.

"It's glad I am that you could come," he said. "I'm glad to have you with me. Somehow I feel sort of shaky when I think of going into the room where Danny is." Then, he added, with a heavy sigh, "It's a bad business, an' it has me all upset."

At the hospital they made known their request at the desk, and a little later a patient nurse came to them and took them to one of the upper floors of the building. She tried to pass the long corridor and waited for them before a door that stood partly open.

"Do you want to go in alone, first?" the Ensign asked the father as they drew near to where the nurse stood waiting. He was mindful of the feelings of the other, and thought that perhaps he would wait for the first meeting with the errand Danny to be without witnesses.

"Oh, no!" gasped the old man, a look of panic sweeping across his face. "If I'll be so kind as to go in with me. Say, I feel kind of shaky all over!"

So the two of them passed into the room together. The nurse had preceded them and made a slight adjustment of the shade at the window that let the clear morning light flood into the room.

It was the first time Ensign Bristow had had an opportunity to get a good look at Danny O'Donnell. The injured man

A FEW THAT ARE WORTHY

By ENVOY C. W. WAGGONER

was propped up in bed, and the clear morning light fell full on his face. The Ensign had to confess to himself that it was an unusually attractive face. His head was bandaged where he had gashed it in falling on the kettle, but the bandage did not hide all the crisp black hair that waved back from the forehead. His skin was clear and of that whiteness which is found with black hair in the Irish race alone. While his eyes were perhaps no bluer than those of his father, they were of a different shade of blue, deeper and more intense, like midnight skies, and were fringed with long black lashes. The meeting of father and son was an awkward one. For a moment there was an embarrassed silence, then Danny spoke first. "Hello, dad!" he said, a slow flush creeping upward to his forehead, a ashamed look clouding his face.

"Hello, Danny!" returned his father awkwardly, then with a heavy attempt at ease, he asked, "An' how are you feelin' this mornin'?"

"Just fine!" Danny's eyes were on the nurse as she deftly touched a few things about the room. Then, as she had evidently fixed things to her liking, she quietly went from the room. Then Danny spoke again. "Dnd, will you please close the door? There are some things I want to say to you and I do not want anyone outside to hear."

"Ain't it Hell!" he Exploded

Danny lay in silence for a few minutes, his fingers picking nervously at the white covering on the bed, apparently at a loss for words. He was laboring under great feeling, and was fighting hard to keep a grip on himself.

"Ain't it hell!" he finally jerked out explosively. If either of his hearers was shocked by this unconventional opening he did not show it. While Danny evidently had much to say, it was plain to be seen that he did not know just how to say it. But he realized that it must be said in some manner, so he went on hurriedly. "The Captain, here, don't know me," he said. "I suppose I ought to be ashamed to say it, but I don't think that dad knows me much better. The leastways I don't know him very well. I don't know whether you will believe me, but what I am going to say is absolute truth. I know I have got myself into an awful mess, but whether you believe it or not, this is the first time I have ever been mixed up in anything of this sort. I have been gone from home for a long time, and I have not made a big

success of things, but I have worked and made a living, and never tried to steal till I got mixed up in this thing." His face again flooded with color, but desperately he went on. "I had some trouble of another sort and it made me go away from here. I've wandered about a lot, and have had some pretty hard times, but I did manage to keep straight. I often wanted to come back home, but was afraid to on account of the way I had gone away."

"Not so very long ago I got hold of a copy of The War Cry, and there I saw the notice you had printed about me, dad. That made me want to come home more than ever. I tore out the piece and kept it. For three weeks after that I got copies of The War Cry, and in each of them I found the item saying that you wanted me to come home. I wanted to come home again before ever I found out that you wanted me to come. But I had been afraid to come. However, that notice in The War Cry settled it, and I decided to come home no matter what it might mean."

"I Just Drifted Along"

"From then on I began to drift toward home. I was away in the South and it was a long trip. So I just drifted along, picking up whatever I could in the way of a job here and there, and this carried me along till I met those two men in the last fifty miles of the way."

"It was they who got me into this thing. They put it up to me yesterday afternoon. One of them had found out when the kettles were to be taken in last night. I did not want to go into it at first, but they argued me into it. Don't think that I am trying to crawfish out of it. I know that I am responsible for making my own decisions. But the way they talked it over made it seem that it was not so awfully bad. They said that the money did not belong to any individual, that it was the public's money, and that it would not be so bad for us to help ourselves to some of it."

"They pointed out that there would be enough in the rest of the kettles to pay for the dinners for the poor, that the kettles had been on the street for a number of days and must have gathered in a lot of money. Anyhow, the way they talked about it got me to thinking that it was not such a bad thing to do after all. So I finally consented to do it."

They were to come up the street in the automobile and pick me up when I sprang from the crowd and grabbed the kettle.

"That is the reason I did not come to you, dad, as soon as I got in town. I was waiting till after we got away with the money. You see they made me think that in this way I could pay them for the lift they had given me on the way. You see, too, dad, that I did not know then that you belong to The Salvation Army. All that happened after I had gone away from waiting till after I am in the money, and I am ready to pay for it, at least as soon as I can get away from the hospital. I never thought of all that I was letting myself in for when I got into the thing. You see the way they put it up to me. I never thought of getting caught, much less of being put in jail and my life endangered. But as soon as I am able to do so I am ready to go to jail for what I have done."

"I don't think that you will go to jail," said the Ensign as Danny stopped speaking. "I do not intend to prefer a charge against you. But I am going to do it. I would not press a charge against you for your father's sake alone even if you had got away with the money, which you didn't. The snow that had fallen into the kettle through the day had melted and wet the money, so that it stuck together and I could tell right side up and there was none of it jarred out, so we did not lose anything."

"Thank you, Captain," said Danny huskily. His father, too, was much moved by the words the Ensign had just spoken. "That is much more than I deserve. But I am thankful I did not get away with it. I have earned my lesson, and I will never get caught in anything like that again."

They talked some further regarding the matter, but not long after this the father said that he must go as it was time for him to go on duty. He had got special leave to come and see Danny, but now the time had expired. A look from Danny seemed to the Ensign to ask him to remain, so he stayed after the big policeman had gone.

"I Don't Want Dad to Know"

"I wanted you to wait a bit," said Danny after his father had gone. "There are a couple of things I want to talk with you about, if you please. The first is that I do not want dad to know that I know it, as he has shot me down."

"Doesn't he know that you know?" "No; nor do I want him to know just yet. He feels badly enough about it as it is. The other thing that I want to talk about is the trouble that made me leave home. I think it was a damn right thing, but I wish it was the piece dad had put in The War Cry that brought me back."

Left Her to Face the Consequences

"I will be only too glad to help you if I can. Do you mind telling me the nature of this trouble?"

"I will have to do that if you are to help me. I am not proud of it I can assure you. I wronged a girl, and then ran away and left her to face the consequences alone."

The Ensign could not help but feel some of the good impression that Danny had made on him slipping away at these words. Perhaps his voice was not just as warm as he put the next question, "And just what are you planning to do about it?"

"I want to find her, and, if possible, make it right by marrying her."

"What is her name?" Danny seemed to hesitate before divulging this. Anyhow, it was some time before he answered, but when he did speak his words came in the nature of a shock to his hearer. He merely spoke a name.

"Helen Ormond," he said. (To be Continued)

For Women Only!

I read an article quite out of my line—a description of a visit to a "beauty parlour." The best of it was the concluding paragraph:—

"What I can't understand is why my mother and my mother's mother, who had none of these lotions and massages and creams, should have been far less wrinkled and wrinkled and infinitely pleasanter to look at than the scores of middle-aged and old women I am seeing at beauty parlours. There must be a mistake somewhere."

Of course there is, and all sane observer will know where.

This Picture Has No Relation To The Story

except that it may remind you that Jesus once said to His disciples:—



"THE HARVEST TRULY IS PLENTIFUL, BUT THE LABORERS ARE FEW; PRAY YE THEREFORE THE LORD OF THE HARVEST, THAT HE WILL SEND FORTH LABORERS INTO HIS HARVEST."



We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriending, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address **ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry"**. One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

2201—Philip or Patrick McBride, height 6 ft., sandy complexion, gold rimmed glasses, and always carried two gold lined match boxes which bore his home address; 54 Blackstone St., Woonsocket, Rhode Island. None desires to locate.

2188—Charles Scott, Canadian, last heard of at Thief River Falls, Minn. Age 56, light complexion, blue eyes, medium size, bachelor, worked at farming and woodcutting. Brother Robert enquiring. Please communicate with this office.

2210—J. C. Phillips, age 56, height 5 ft. 8 in., last heard of near Moose Jaw, formerly of Muskoka, Ontario. Brother enquiring.

2209—William Edward Paine, age 55, last known address Aberdeen, Sask. Was railroad worker. Mother very anxious.

2205—Ralph Leggett, age 28, height 6 ft. 1 in., wore glasses; last heard of at Six Mile Creek. Missing five years. Grandmother anxious enquires.

2147—Alfred Edwin Shaw, age 80, height 5 ft. 3 in., fair hair, grey eyes, fair complexion, native Lewisham, confectioner, missing from Calgary.

2072—Albert Victor Haakonson, age 51, average height, brown hair, blue eyes. Last heard from at Edmonton, Alta. Wife and child very anxious to hear from him.

1924—Henry Grellet, French Canadian, age 39, medium height, slight build, dark hair, dark eyes, dark complexion, station engineer or carpenter, last heard from at Fort Arthur, Ont. Decided limp on right side.

2200—Tubias Dandey, Jewish, age 55, height 5 ft. 1; black hair, brown eyes, fair complexion. Owned Fry Goods Store in Winnipeg. Has small pimple near right eye and double chin. Wife anxious to locate.

2206—Ernest Paul Johanson, born at Fredrikshald, Norway, in 1883. Mother's name was Emilie Johansen. Visited Norway in 1907 and when he returned to U.S.A. he took his mother and two sisters (Emma and Margie) with him. Last known address Winnipeg. Forest Worker (took).

2207—Elvira Johanne Erikson, age 23, average height, blonde hair, blue eyes. Last heard from at Saskatoon, Sask. Her old father is very anxious.

2114—John Wm. Walker and Wife. Pattern maker. Number in Party Unknown. Last heard from was re-admitted Feb. 26th, 1917, at age 28. Last known address, Vancouver B.C. Wife had dress-making business at East Grandview, Vancouver and went by name Madame Josephine. Aged father anxious to locate.

2105—James Young Campbell, Age 21, height, 5 ft. 6 in., Scotch, fair hair, dark complexion, born in Paisley, Scotland. Sister Mary enquires.

2118—David Johnstone, Age 55, height 5 ft. 8 in., wears a very heavy mustache. When last heard of he was in Calgary, about two years ago. Should this meet the eye, please communicate. Brother anxious to hear from him.

2023—Clara Freda Towle, Daughter of Leslie and Amy Towle, age 20, height 5 ft. 2 in., dark hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Last known address was Strawberry Hill, West Westminster, B.C. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of this girl or her mother, kindly communicate with this office.

1948—Harry Davies, Age 53, height 5 ft. 5 in., medium brown hair, inclined to be bald on top. Last heard from at Jasper, Alberta. Has also resided at Fairview near Oliver and Penicton, Okanagan Valley, B.C. Brother anxiously enquires.

2117—Charles Rowland Humphreys, Age 41, medium height, brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Last known occupation, teamster. Native of London, has not been heard of for some years. Sister anxious for news.

Adjutant Davies at Penticton

Sunday, September 9, was indeed a day of great blessing, when Adjutant Davies of the Training Garrison was with us. The message of Salvation was sounded out in three stands on Saturday evening, when good crowds stayed to listen. The Adjutant's singing arrested the attention of many, and the music of her concertina added interest.

Sunday morning a splendid crowd listened to our Meeting at the railway station. "Jesus, Jesus, never a Friend like Jesus," sang the Adjutant, and we felt many hearts were led to think of Him in that light. In the Holiness Meeting two comrades gave up all to follow Jesus, and we all renewed our covenant with God. The children were delighted to see the Adjutant in the afternoon. The Knights of Pythias Hall was the scene of a splendid Meeting at night, when a good crowd assembled, and where much conversion was felt.

—Capt. Eby and Lieut. Forbes

Annual Territorial Congress

LT.-COMMISSIONER & MRS. RICH

— TOGETHER WITH —



Colonel Mary Booth

(Territorial Commander for Germany)

WILL CONDUCT THE

WINNIPEG CONGRESS

From OCTOBER 12th to 16th

Friday, Oct. 12th
Grace Church 8 p.m. *A Pageant of Merciful Adventure*

Saturday, Oct. 13th
7.0 p.m. *Public Parade and Salute*

Saturday, Oct. 13th
First Baptist Church 8.0 p.m. *Comrades and Old Comrades Assembly*

Sunday, Oct. 14th
Capitol Theatre 10.45 a.m. *United Holiness Gathering*

Sunday, Oct. 14th
3.0 p.m. *Lecture: "The Work of The Salvation Army"*

Sunday, Oct. 14th
7.0 p.m. *Great Salvation Battle*

Monday, Oct. 15th
Grace Church 8.0 p.m. *The Congress Festival*

(FINAL DETAILS NEXT WEEK)

AND

Vancouver Congress from Oct. 19 to 23

Salvation Songs

Tune: "He Lives" (B.B. 100)

I entered once a home of care,
And age and poverty were there,
I yet joy and peace withal.
I asked that lonely mother where
She found her widowhood's deliverer,
She told me—"Christ was all."

Chorus:

Christ is all—yes, all in all;
Christ is all—yes, all in all;
My Christ is all in all.

I saw a martyr at the stake,
The flames could not his courage shake,
Nor death his soul appal;
I asked him whence his strength was
given,
He looked triumphantly to heaven,
And shouted, "Christ is all."

I dreamt that hoary time had fled,
The earth and sea gave up their dead,
And fire from heaven did fall,
I saw The Army's ransomed throng,
I heard the music of their song,
'Twas—"Christ is all in all."

Tune: "Wells" (B.B. 163)

Jesus, Saviour, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boistrous waves obey Thy will,
When Thou sayest to them, "Be still";
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar,
Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not—I will pilot thee."

An Old Time Open-Air Solo

There is a cleansing current,
It flows from Calvary.

'Twas opened by the Saviour
From sin each soul to free,
And now His voice is calling
With accents, oh, so sweet,
Come to the cleansing River
Down at the Mercy-Seat.

Chorus:

Calvary's Stream is flowing,
Calvary's Stream is flowing,
Flowing so free
For you and me,
Calvary's Stream is flowing.

Though worn and heavy laden
And burdened with your sin,
There's virtue in the River;
Oh, will you enter in?
There's healing in its waters,
There's cleansing in its stream;
Then look away to Calvary
Where Mercy's light doth beam.

This stream of life eternal
For you is flowing free;
Oh, bow yourself for cleansing,
And gain your liberty,
Then Christ shall be your Saviour,
And out of you shall flow
A life of peace and heaven,
God's paradise below.

Tune: "On the road to anywhere"

Marching on, marching on,
We're marching on,
With never a sorrow and never a pain,
Marching on with our sins forgiven,
Marching on to meet our friends
in Heaven,
Marching on, marching on,
We're marching on,
Along the bright and shining road,
We shall hear the angels sing,
We shall hear the music ring
Up in the City of God.—"J"